THE PACIFIC

69th Year SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, JANUARY, 1919. No. 1

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Old Year And the New.

The Old Year has done what it
could for me.
All of it that was good for me
Has now become a part of me.
Whatever the New Year may bring
to me,
May only the good of it cling to me,
And enter into the heart of me.

William Herbert Carruth.

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THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.
FOR CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

The Pacific is Published Monthly by The Pacific Publishing Company, 45 Ecker Street, San Francisco. Entered as Second-Class Matter at San Francisco Post Office. Yearly subscription, $1.00.

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CONCEPTIONS OF GOD.

The great world war has brought us varied conceptions of God; and these conceptions have been expressed often in striking ways. We gather together a few of these conceptions, as they have come to us from the battlefront and also from persons at home who have thought long and deeply while the thunder and lightning of this cataclysmic storm have been rending the world.

In each of these stories there is presented a phase of God—in none is there set forth all that God is. Together, we hope, they may give some idea of God that will be helpful.

To define God is impossible. Some one has written of God as "The Being whose center is everywhere, but whose circumference is nowhere." Simonides, an ancient philosopher, being asked to describe God, requested a week in which to think about it. When the week had passed he asked that a month be granted him, and after that had slipped away he asked for a year. Then Simonides, being still unable to fulfill the task, declined it altogether, declaring that the more he thought of so great a Being the less able he was to describe him. But though no one can compass God there are always conceptions of him that are of value.

The first conception of God to be presented now has come from a military hospital near the battle line in France. One day a wounded British officer, in conversation with a chaplain, remarked: "What I want to know, padre, is, what is God like. I never thought much about it before this war. I took the world for granted. I was not religious, though I was confirmed, and went to Communion sometimes with my wife. Now it all seems different. I realize that I am a member of the human race, and have a duty towards it, and that makes me want to know what God is like. When I am transferred to a new battalion I want to know what the colonel is like. He bosses the show, and it makes a lot of difference to me what sort he is. Now, I realize that I am in the battalion of humanity, and want to know what the Colonel of this world is like. That is your business, padre, you ought to know."

A crucifix was hanging in the hospital room, and the padre pointing toward it, replied, "God is like that." Then in turn the wounded man's words were: "Like that? Oh, no, padre, God is the ruler of the Universe, the Judge of all the Earth, the Supreme Monarch. He cannot be like that—that poor, bruised, bleeding figure, defeated in everything except spirit. Oh, He is splendid! He is like my friends at the front! But, can God be like that, padre?"

The padre insisted—and, we believe, rightly—that God was in very truth like that Figure in its suffering on the cross outside the gates of the ancient Holy City.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. . . . Believe me—that I am in the Father and the Father in me."

A few months ago a copy of the book of poems by Ford M. Hueffer on "Heaven, and Poems Written on Active Service" was reviewed on the battlefront by Coningsby Dawson in an article for the New York Times. Mr. Dawson stated that he was up forward, sitting on a bank, looking at the enemy country through a hedge—in front of him a big curtain of sea-gray sky, against which planes were crawling like flies. He had just then left off in his reading, he said, to watch a squadron of enemy planes which had been attempting to get across to his side.

"Everything has opened up on them; machine guns are spouting their luminous trails of tracer bullets; archies are bursting little cottonwool clouds of death between them and their desire. They evidently belong to a circus, for they are slipping and tumbling and looping like great gulls to whom the air is native. Ah, now they've given it up and are going home thwarted. I wonder what the poor old moon thinks of all these antics and turmoils in the domain which has been hers absolutely for so many aeons of nights."

And then Mr. Dawson put down this conception of the world and life and God as it had come to him in the trenches under the flaming skies of France:

"I think I have been both sadder and more happy since the war began than in all the other years of my life. I used to write about the world not as it is, but as I would have made it had I been God. Now I'm trying to see things as they are, with the inevitable God shining through them. Here at the front God is everywhere apparent—but not the cathedral God I had imagined—not the majestic God with sublime uplifted eyes which know nothing of finite terror. The God of the

Front has brave eyes which have suffered; his mouth is a human mouth, which has known the pain of parting and kisses; his hands are roughened and burnt and bloody; there is the stoop of agony in his shoulders and the hint of a valiant jest in his splendid bearing of defiance. He is one of us. He is us entirely. He is no longer remote and eternal. For us he has again become flesh—he is our comrade; he is the man upon our left and our right hand who goes into battle with us; he is our dead. We cannot escape him; the pettiness of our sins is forgotten in the resemblance of our neighbors to his majesty. Nowadays I cannot think of the poet's Christ, wandering through Gallilean lilies in a woman's robes. It's his manly death, his white timeless body on the cross that I remember. Without Calvary all his words would have been unconvincing and he himself a dreamer's fancy. It was only on the cross that Christ became flesh."

We get another of these strikingly worded conceptions of God in "A Student at Arms," when Donald Hankey tells of the thought of a wounded soldier as he lay on the battlefield one night and looked up at the stars. We are told that he had never felt the reality of God, even in his prayers. "God to him was rather the name for the principle of goodness than a Being of infinite power and intimate importance." As he lay out there under the stars he found himself vaguely wondering about the meaning of everything. "The stars seemed to make it all seem so small and petty. All this bloodshed—what was the good of it? It was all so ephemeral, so trivial, so meaningless in the presence of eternity and infinity. It was just a strife of pigmies. He suddenly felt terribly small and lonely, and he was so very, very weak. He was as cut off from his fellow men as if he had been on a desert island, and he felt somehow as if he had got out of his element, and was launched a tiny pigmy soul, on the sea of immensity, where he could find no beings. Eternity and infinity were so pitiless and uncomprehending. The stars gazed at him imperturbably. There was no sympathy there, but only cold, unseeing tolerance. Yet after all he had the advantage of them. For all his pigmy ineffectiveness he was of finer stuff than they. At least he could feel—suffer. At least he was aware of his own existence, and could even gauge his own insignificance. There was that in him which was not in them, unless—unless it was in everything. 'God!' he whispered softly. 'God everywhere!' Then into his tired brain came a new phrase—'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' He sighed contentedly, as a tired child, and the phrase went on repeating itself in his brain in a kind of chant—'Underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

"The Eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms!" The words have come down through more than thirty centuries. Mankind will never let them pass from sight or knowledge! An immanent God and a transcendent God—humanity will forever hold to that idea!

Writing last year on "The God of the New Age," Professor Lyman of Oberlin, now Union Theological Seminary, said: "God is not the offspring of cosmic forces, but cosmic forces are the offspring of God. A fortnight ago I was in the great Yerkes observatory by Lake Geneva, looking out through the telescope at planets and star clusters and great spiral nebulae. There in those infinite spaces was energy illimitable. There was matchless order, the perfect reign of law. But where was the purpose of it all? The great telescope searching the incalculable reaches of the universe, could give no revelation of purpose. And then I made my way back to the amphitheater where students were gathering in conference. A student was leading, and searching words of challenge to take a brave and self-sacrificing part in bearing the world's pain and building the Kingdom of God were being spoken. Then all heads bowed in prayer. And it was borne in upon me irresistibly that here was the purpose that the telescope could not reveal. Those cosmic forces, I felt, were under control. They themselves are on the side of the New Age because they are in the hands of the universal and eternal good will of God."

The only other word-picture of a conception of God which we have space to give here is one found in the latest work of fiction by H. G. Wells, in "Joan and Peter."

As what Oswald called the education he had been trying to give his two wards, Joan and Peter, was near its close, he sat one night thinking deeply of past, present and future, with this as the result in part,

"There was a light upon his life, and the truth was that he could not discover the source of the light nor define its nature; there was a presence in the world about him that made all life worth while, and yet it was Nameless and incomprehensible. It was the Essence beyond Reality; it was the heart of all things. . . . Metaphors! Words! Perhaps some men have meant this when they talked of love; but he himself had loved because of this, and so he held it must be something greater than Love. Perhaps some men have intended it in their use of the word Beauty, but it seemed to him that rather it made and determined Beauty for him. And others again have known it as the living presence of God; but the name of God was to Oswald a name battered out of all value and meaning. And yet it was by this Nameless, this Incomprehensible, that he lived and was upheld. It did so uphold him that he could go on, he knew, though defeat and death stared him in the face."

In the year 1915 Boston sent 1,571,000 gallons of rum to West Africa. One of the great crimes of the so-called "Christian nations" against Africa has been the liquor traffic.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY!

The people of the United States who have been battling determinedly for several decades against the liquor traffic may confidently expect to see it wiped out early in the year 1920. More than the required number of states have ratified the national amendment. It is not likely that its coming into force one year from date can be defeated, and the dawning of the third decade of the twentieth century will see every part of our national domain free from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The year 1920 will mark a new era for the American people. They will stand in the opening months of that year on a plane along which they will advance toward marvelous achievements for themselves and for humanity. Nothing comparable to this achievement has taken place since the days when the Negro was made a free man and the way opened up for his development in the brotherhood of the races.

When the twentieth century opened there were only three states in which the traffic was prohibited—Maine, Kansas and North Dakota. In two decades the iniquity has been throttled throughout the land.

In less than one hundred years after the first national temperance society was organized in the United States the liquor traffic has been outlawed from ocean to ocean.

In an article elsewhere in this number of The Pacific we sketch the early decades of the temperance reform. This will be followed next month by another, bringing it down to the present time.

HERE TO HELP!

We think of certain words of Roosevelt, to Jacob Riis, as characteristic of his whole life. At the time when he was police commissioner in New York City, one day he sought Riis, who was battling with the slums, and not finding him he left on his desk a note in which were the words, "I have come to help." That was Roosevelt from the beginning to the end of his mature years! He came to help, and he did help. Life is running in channels today in this country in which it would not be running were it not for Theodore Roosevelt. His ideas were far above those of many persons with whom he had to do as a politician and statesman; he flung to the breeze, in his characteristic way, the banner of those ideals and led on to victory on many a hard-fought field. Language not so vehement and denunciatory as it was at times, not so much sitting in the seat of judgment, and expressing judgment so excoriatingly, would have left behind him a finer, more desirable picture. But he was here to help, and in a way that we shall long think of as "Rooseveltian," but not as the most ideal way—not the way when the tenderness of God shall possess aright all men and women—he did so help as to leave a mighty impress for good on life all around the world .

A great man, in most respects a good man! But we like to think of Abraham Lincoln when it comes to the matter of the treatment of those who differed with him rather than of Theodore Roosevelt. Lincoln much more nearly approximated the Ideal Man—the Man of Nazareth; and by the standards set by Him we all are to be judged.

A GREAT SERMON BY DR. JOWETT.

The British Weekly reports a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Jowett in Westminster Chapel, London, which it calls "a great sermon"—"the greatest since his settlement in London." The text was: "And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, let us alone." The British Weekly stated that Dr. Jowett looks forward to the years of reconstruction and "foresees a furious opposition from the vested interests." This, he declared, must be vigorously assailed if democracy is to flourish. "Evil never makes a voluntary exit," remarked Dr. Jowett. "When you touch us," cry the evil forces, "you interfere with the course of nature."

Dr. Jowett showed how often that cry had been raised in the past. When Wilberforce attacked the slave trade in the British West Indian possessions, the outcry was deafening.

"Let us alone," said the slave holder of the Southern States of America.

A similar cry was heard from the privileged interests when the spirit of emancipation approached the English factory system. And yet, said Dr. Jowett boys eight or nine years old had to leave home at four o'clock in the morning for the factory, and at times worked all night. The eminent Dr. Clifford had done that and had been kept awake with strong coffee.

Referring to the English land system, Dr. Jowett said that the angry cry was raised whenever the landowner had met some modern Amos—always when the spirit of reform had lifted the veil from hoary feudal iniquities.

As to those who thus cry out whenever the drink traffic is in danger of being touched, Dr. Jowett said: "They borrow the accents of freedom, as if any interference with their privilege would shake the very pillars of national life."

Turning then to the future, Dr. Jowett remarked: "We are going to hear that cry, 'Let us alone,' as never before been heard in this country. The spirit of reform is in the air, and there are going to be inconceivable upheavals."

Dr. Jowett stated to his hearers that the cry of veiled iniquity had a powerful ally in the natural indolence of people. They see that to dislodge an ancient evil is going to be a very desperate business, and many are not inclined to anything so drastic. But he indicated the needed and effective dynamic: "It is only as we are God-possessed, God-enthroned, God-directed, God-controlled, that

we can say to the evil spirit, 'Come out,' and that we shall be obeyed.

We are glad to find Dr. Jowett taking the position he evidently is taking in London with respect to the iniquities of the privileged interests. There are many of them—many unclean spirits to be cast out. Some of them apparently have no sense or consciousness of their uncleanness, and will put forth passages of Scripture, as Dr. Jowett says, in vain efforts at substantiation, seeking to cloak themselves with the garments of piety and devotion. They have their names—some of them —on church rolls, but are without any real understanding of what Christianity actually is. Infants—they need to be taught as the little child is taught.

RELIGIOUS WORLD NOTES.

The Christian Register, a Unitarian publication, gives the following by Vice-President Marshall as a sample of new Presbyterian orthodoxy: "No man, no woman, who has given life in defense of a great cause has ever died or can die."

In a statement as to why he decided to decline the call to the First Presbyterian Church of New York City and stay with his church in Chicago, Dr. John Timothy Stone said: "The entire church of Christ here needs consistent leaders, persistent in service." Mark the last three words.

On the 16th of November last year for the first time in 256 years the English sovereign worshipped with his English Free Church subjects. The service was one of thanksgiving for the ending of the war and was in Albert Hall. Dr. Jowett gave a short address. Premier Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith were also in attendance. The Queen accompanied the King as did also the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. It is to be hoped that there may hereafter be a great deal of attendance on the part of the King at Nonconformist services.

There are more than a million Negro girls in the United States. An excellent work is being carried on among them by the Y. W. C. A.. It is noteworthy that Colonel Roosevelt directed that $4,000 out of the $40,000 received by him from the Nobel Prize Fund go to the Y. W. C. A. work for Negro women. A recent bulletin states: "Trained colored women, under the general supervision of Miss Eva D. Bowles, are in charge of all work among colored women and girls. During the past three years the Y. W. C. A. National Training School for Secretaries has maintained special classes in its summer sessions to prepare women executives to carry on its work among colored women. Most of these executives are graduates of colleges, whose knowledge of sociology gives them background for their chosen work."

A few months ago Millard's Review, a Shanghai publication, offered prizes for the three best articles on "What Will Be the Effect of the War upon Missionary Work in China?" Fifty articles were submitted. The first prize went to John L. Childs, Y. M. C. A. secretary at Peking, formerly a college Y. M. C. A. secretary in the United States. The second was awarded to Paul Hutchinson, editor of the China Christian Advocate, formerly connected in this country with the Epworth Herald. The third was won by William J. Hall, Professor of History and Biblical Literature in the Yale College in China. One of the three judges was the veteran American Board missionary, Dr. Arthur H. Smith. The articles receiving prizes as well as others having honorable mention will be printed in book form.

Presbyterians are still writing and talking about the bad example set by a former moderator of the General Assembly on the eve of the meeting at Columbus Ohio, last May. Profanity in the daily life of the nation is said to be increasing, and Dr. Matthews of Seattle gave it considerable impetus at Columbus and elsewhere. However it will go down into history that the General Assembly rebuked him. Dr. Ira Landrith wrote in a recent number of The Continent: "Go where you will, it is the same pitiful story of cursing and swearing that a little while ago would have shamed to muteness poor cowardly Simon Peter. The club reeks with it; the smoking room of the sleeper is foul with it; the directors' meeting is filled with it; even the drawing room's atmosphere grows stiffling with profanity which alas is not always uttered in masculine baritone." Dr. Landrith says: "Time was, and very recent time, when swearing in public was not done outside of barrooms and except among fellows of the baser sort." Dr. Landrith suggests for the New Year a crusade of personal abstinence and kindly counsel "against swearing and near swearing." The Springfield Republican states: "At one of Homer Rodeheaver's song services in the camps of Uncle Sam's boys in France a Catholic sergeant asked the soldiers who heard him to join the Holy Name Society, a Catholic organization, merely for the purpose of putting an end to profanity. The appeal is said to have met with a wide response. Apparently the soldiers recognized that there was a chance for reform." The Republican then expresses this conviction: "Sections of the civilian population, far from the stress of war, may perhaps think the same problem worth considering."

"WE MUST BE BIGGER IN OUR RELIGION!"

We find the words which form the caption of this article in the New Year sermon of the Rev. Willard B. Thorp, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Diego. Mr. Thorp, in outlining in an inspiring way how the year 1919 could be made the greatest year in human history, said in part:

"We stand today at so great a moment in history that it seems as if in this coming year each

one of us ought to do and to be vastly more than ever before. We are not going to be satisfied with anything as it has been before—we must not be. We must leave behind a lot of things in our own lives, small, petty, personal things, barnacles that have gathered about our ship. We must not put it off any longer. We must begin right now. We must be bigger in every way.

"We must be bigger in our religion. Let the half-gods go; the gods are arriving. The time is come to release that glorious religion, the religion of Christ. We must not hold it back any longer. We must not tie it down to the old traditions and the old sectarianisms. We must believe it with all our hearts, and proclaim it, boldly and unreservedly, from the housetops. Every one of us ministers must preach now as he has never preached before, with outspokenness, with directness, with supreme and unquestioning faith. We must carry the spirit of this greater religion into our church. We must make it a greater, a better, a more inspired church than it has ever been.

"We must carry it into our civic life. We must leave behind our small politics, our partisan prejudices. We must abandon the kind of politics that talks about public office as a 'job.' We must turn against the kind of democracy that puts a premium upon ignorance and inexperience and boastfulness, and turn to the kind of democracy that chooses the ablest and most successful men for office.

"We must carry into our business life, and introduce the principle of service, not self, into all our business plans.

"We must carry it into our attitude toward social problems, and instead of being content with doling out charity we must set about the abolition of poverty itself in our various communities. Our cities must vie with each other in making a clean showing in regard to the employment, the housing, the sanitation, the education and the general prosperity of all their people.

"In all these and many other matters we must do the big, the thorough, the ideal thing. Say not, 'The time is not ripe, the world is not ready.' The time is ripe, the world is ready, the fields are white unto harvest. It is the psycholological moment for all great reforms and all new departures. The President realizes it, and that is why he has gone to Europe as a missionary from this great republic for the league of nations. It is now or never for all these things.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. That flood time is now. The world is ready, ready even for the kingdom of heaven. Are we ready? Are we willing? Are we brave enough to cut loose this year from all restraint, and do the things that we know ought to be done, and be the men that we know we are meant to be be? If we are, we will make the year 1919 the greatest year in human history."

SIX EPISCOPAL CHURCHES IN NEW YORK CITY FEDERATE.

For economy and efficiency six parishes in the central Manhattan district have formed "The associated Episcopal parishes of central Manhattan." These parishes, in addition to their rectors, are served by 16 assistant clergymen, 246 paid workers and 1286 voluntary, unpaid workers, including Sunday school teachers. They have on their parish lists about 18,000 names.

The six churches are the Church of the Ascension, Calvary Church, Grace Church, Church of the Holy Communion, St. George's Church and the Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie.

The rectors of the six churches are Rev. Drs. Percy Stickney Grant, Theodore Sedgwick, Charles L. Slattery, Henry Motten, Karl Reiland and Rev. William Norman Guthrie.

This announcement is made of the purposes behind the new arrangement:

"All the associated churches have extensive organizations which find their chief employment in the same general district of New York city. This district has rapidly changed. From a neighborhood of homes it has become one of business. Many to whom the churches formerly ministered have moved away, and, though they continue to come to these churches in large numbers, the churches must meet the new conditions with new methods. It is self-evident that co-operation is desirable in devising these methods and applying them so that the duplication which means a waste of energy and effort be avoided.

"It is hoped and believed that as the individual members of the six associated congregations become better acquainted they will by contact and interchange of views develop an increasing enthusiasm for the great opportunities to serve humanity that await them, both as members of their parishes and as an association in the years upon which our now thoroughly unified and Americanized nation is about to enter."

Commenting on this federation the Springfield Republican remarks: "This co-operation of a number of old churches is in direct line with the movement gradually growing up all over the country of co-ordinating the work of churches in the same neighborhood, but is practically unprecedented in New York, except for the merging of three Presbyterian churches a short time ago."

Five great industrial cities of Japan have increased in population 365 per cent in the last ten years. Fifty-six per cent of Japan's operatives are women, the majority being under 20 years of age. In many places the working day averages from twelve to fifteen hours.

Among the natives of the Philippine Islands the English language is better known after twenty years than the Spanish was in four hundred years.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Steps have been taken in New York to form a Chinese-American Society for the prevention of the selfish exploitation of China by either individuals or nations.

Fifteen thousand Singer sewing machines are sold in China each year. Half of the world's cigarettes are smoked there. Moving pictures are popular and growing in popularity.

"Everybody genuinely likes the Marshalls," says a Washington corespondent of the New York Sun. And this also: "Mrs. Marshall's friends are having a lot of fun entertaining her as "First Lady in America."

The balance of power in Europe has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. The only thing that will save Europe, that will indeed save civilization, is community power—society organized for its own existence.

A representative of the Central Federated Union, a New York labor organization, remarked recently that the time was past for labor to be represented politically by the so-called friends of labor in either the city or the state or the nation. In other words, that labor should represent itself.

In 121 of China's silk mills thirty-five per cent of the employees are children under fourteen years of age. The women silk reelers in Shanghai get from eight to eleven cents a day for eleven hours of work. In the steel mills at Hangang common laborers are paid three dollars a month and skilled mechanics eight to twelve.

The League of the Kindly Tongue has spread into thirty-eight states and has thousands of members. It is a movement for the inducing of people to think of the words they speak and to encourage kindly speech. The League is said to have no dues, no by-laws, no meetings unless desired—"a simple, workable plan to combat gossip, harsh criticism, and evil speaking." Booklets telling about it can be had for five cents from the Rev. Dr. W. D. Marsh of Appleton, Wisconsin, its founder.

A student of South American affairs says that the next great social development of white peoples will take place in that country. "South America has nearly every type of wealth that goes to make up a lasting physical base for the support of vast populations and a great and prosperous democracy. Its vast unoccupied regions invite immigration." Three out of every four persons in South America can neither read nor write. But despite the great illiteracy of the masses "the South American intellectuals are among the keenest and most constructive thinkers in the world." There are eleven republics in South America, with constitutions modeled on those of the United States. A new day for Protestant Christianity has opened there. At present the Protestant church communicants number less than one hundred thousand and the adherents about half that number. The Roman Catholic Church has lost its hold on the people and there is wide-spread skepticism and atheism.

This item appeared recently in the financial colmuns of the New York Evening Post, one of the few newspapers discerning the signs of the times and the sins of the "industrial age": "A return to individual expenditure on the scale of 1914 will spell a financial crash and social disorder. The mode of life has to be simpler, and the distribution of wealth has to be wider and upon a more equitable basis. The worker will receive more wages in the future, and the idle rich will become fewer, if they are not soon nonexistent. To think otherwise is to ignore the lessons of the past and to misread the signs of the times."

California ratifying the national prohibition amendment! It is marvelous! Or perhaps it should be said that it is marvelous in the light of what California was only recently. But when all the world is moving, California should be expected to move also. The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. Contemplate this also: A San Francisco member of the Legislature having advanced to such a place of enlightenment as to stand for the amendment against all threats of the liquor interests. We salute you, Mr. Prendergast, and hand down your name to future ages in the columns of The Pacific!

Readers of The Pacific will remember the choice poems by Josephine Amelia Burr, quoted in the last number of The Pacific in the article with the caption "Now That the War Is Over!" When Mrs. Charles F. Aked noticed these quotations from the book of poems by her friend of many years, she mailed The Pacific to her, and in the letter which came in return and which we have been permitted to see was the following: "Thank you for The Pacific—you know what a joy it is to me to feel that I can help the Big Work ever so little. 'Reprisals,' by the way, is an absolutely true story—almost word for word as told me by the 'Sister' of the poem. 'Old Gaspard' is real, too; Kathleen Burke tells about him." Many will be glad that Miss Burr has given enduring form to these incidents in beautiful verse. No one can read them and not be moved to more love and tenderness. Love—not hate—is life!

If some foreign nation should attack us in the next ten years, the attack would begin probably with a night airplain bombardment of San Francisco or New York City. There would be thousands of these whirring machines instead of thirty—the number in the greatest attack on London in the war just ended. Such an air fleet could carry enough bombs to wipe out several cities in short order—unless there should be invented in

the meantime airplane destroyers able to cope with them and overcome them. If the nations of the world do not disarm, the next great war is likely to be fought mainly in the air. Tennyson's vision in which he saw a ghastly dew raining from the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue may yet be realized as it has not been realized. It may yet be necessary, ere the battle-flags are furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world, for the standards of the peoples to go glimmering through the thunder-storm.

We are glad to be able to give to those readers of The Pacific who have been much interested in them the sixth in the series of articles on the College of California. An article next month will finish the series. We noticed the other day on copies of The Pacific on the desk of the Librarian of the University of California—copies containing these articles—the words "For the Archives." We have been told by several persons capable of judging that the articles are the most valuable yet written concerning the beginnings here of the educational institution which became the nucleus of the University of California, and without which we would not have our University as it long has been and is now.

The organization of the world for war was an easy business compared with that of organizing it for peace, remarks Alfred G. Gardiner, editor of the London News. And further: "It is a moment for large perspectives and spacious ideas, for heroic statesmanship that dismisses all petty aims and selfish considerations. . . . We need to get onto a new plane of vision and into a new range of thought. The old world with its thousand years' heritage of wrong, its dynasties and its despotisms, its secret diplomacies and competitive armaments, its tyranny of the strong over the weak, its denial of the moral law in the affairs of states, is gone. It has cost twelve million lives of the best of the world's manhood to wipe out its infamies." Mr. Gardiner was a member of the old Liberal Party, and he evidently has his own nation in mind as well as others when he writes: "This Europe has been for thousands of years a bear garden. The nations have squandered the common inheritance and spent their blood and treasure in the attempt to prevent others enjoying the general life. In all this story of blood and insanity no permanent human interest is discernable and no combination of interests has been enduring. In the vain pursuit of the balance of power, every nation has been in turn the alley and the enemy of every other nation."

Eighty per cent of the people of India are farmers and live in villages. Three hundred million people inhabit territory less than half that of the United States.

"Behold, I make all things new."

THE STORY OF THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA
ARTICLE VI.

In a series of five articles which began in The Pacific on the 14th of March, 1918, we set forth the indebtedness of the University of California to the College of California and to the pioneer ministers who were its founders.

Those articles made it evident that never was there established anywhere an institution of learning into which there went more devotion than went into the College of California. Its founders had a profound sense of the need for such an institution on these far western shores in those early formative years, and their labors and achievements will stand among the most notable in early California history.

Our articles showed that among the material things transferred to the University of California by the College of California was the beautiful site of the University in Berkeley. The purpose of this article is to show how it came about that what is now judged to be one of the finest university sites on the continent came into the possession of the College of California.

The eight acre tract in what is now the business part of Oakland was considered from the inception of the College as only a temporary location. When Horace Bushnell came to California in 1856 and accepted the presidency of the College provisionally, with the thought that he could be helpful though he might not remain long, he at once busied himself with the matter of a proper location. In his "Life and Letters," published after his death, and in a report made by him to the College trustees just before his return to New England in 1857, there is to be found much of interest concerning the choosing of a permanent location for the College.

Horace Bushnell did considerable for the College of California in the few months spent here in 1856 and '57, but he did not select the permanent location for it—though it is the thought of many whenever his name is mentioned in connection with the College that he did select it or at least suggest it to the board of trustees.

In the "Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell," published in 1880, there are statements in effect that Bushnell when he was provisionally the president of the College of California recommended as a permanent location the grounds now occupied by the University in Berkeley. And Dr. Theodore Munger, in his Life of Bushnell, published in 1899, states: "Bushnell gave himself to this enterprise with immense energy and thoroughness, and after personal examination of seven proposed sites named Berkeley. . . . where the University of California now stands."

The story of the search for a location for the College of California, as it has been handed down in the letters of Bushnell and in the final report to the board of trustees a few weeks before his return to New England, is a fascinating one. As we read it we seem to be with Bushnell on those

many trips of exploration hereabout, searching for the ideal location for such an institution of learning as the devoted founders and adherents of the College believed it was destined to be. We seem to breathe the air of our valleys as they were in those early days, joy in the sunshine on the hills, as Bushnell did, and catch the inspiration which all those devoted men had in the days when the permanent location of what was destined to be one of the greatest educational institutions of the world was being selected.

As Bushnell put it in his final report, the institution was to be on these western shores what Harvard and Yale were on the eastern shores, and the spot on which they fixed for permanent location was "to become at some future day a renowned center of literature and science—clothed with associations as profoundly historical as Oxford, or Padua, or Salamanca, or Heidelberg."

Before Bushnell took up this work of exploration the site at Berkeley had been considered by the trustees, but it was not evident at that time that sufficient flowing water could be secured . Accordingly while Bushnell remained in California no further consideration was given the Berkeley site. One at Clinton, or Brooklyn, in East Oakland, was at first decided on. It was a magnificent site in its outlook, though not so desirable, all things considered in the light of today, as the one that was chosen finally. The unwillingness of adjacent land owners to sell an indispensable stream of water except at an exorbitant price defeated that selection. A beautiful site three miles northwest of Napa was then recommended by Bushnell and was unanimously adopted by the trustees.

In the later part of 1857 attention was given again to the location first viewed, but which had been out of consideration all the time Bushnell was here; its merits were compared with the one at Napa and other available locations, and everything found to stand in its favor. Engineers finally decided that the desired flow of water could be developed; and we find the announcement accordingly in The Pacific for November 26, 1857, under the caption of the "College of California": "The trustees have secured the permanent site for the institution—140 acres five miles northeast of Oakland. The situation is beautiful and commanding—overlooking the bay, the city and the Golden Gate."

On the 1st of March, 1858, all preliminaries being arranged, the board of trustees by formal vote unanimously adopted the Berkeley site as the permanent location of the College of California—the nucleus of the University of California.

It was not until more than eight years had passed after the selection of the permanent site, that the name of Berkeley was selected. A homestead tract was platted, and the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton that there be "scientific streets and literary ways" was one that was readily adopted. So, Berkeley had her Bancroft Way, Channing Way, Dwight Way, her Dana, Ellsworth, Fulton, and other streets and ways, named after men of prominence in letters and science, before she had her name. The question of name came up again and again without decision. Finally, one day the words, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," came into the mind of Frederick Billings, one of the trustees, and along with them the impression that the name of the writer of the poem in which they occur would be a suitable name for the college town on these far western shores. It was proposed, and on May 24, 1866, was unanimously adopted.. Concerning this action we find this note in The Pacific:

"The trustees had hopes that the object to which many of Berkeley's best thoughts and years were given might be realized on these shores in a finer embodiment and in grander proportions than he ever dreamed of on either shore of the Atlantic."

On the beautiful grounds of the University of California there may be seen today a large rock on which is a tablet bearing the words "Founders' Rock," and the date, "April 16, 1860." It was on that rock on that April day, almost sixty years ago, that the grounds were consecrated as a seat of learning—to be forever a help and blessing to the youth of the State, a center and source of usefulness throughout the nation and the world.

Twelve men stood there on that rock that day, nine of them of the board of trustees, among them Willey and Durant, to whom above all others is credit due for the planting here of the seeds of the College and the University in those early formative years. Other worthies were: Frederick Billings, E. B. Goddard, Ira P. Rankin, Edward McLean, Revs. W. C. Anderson, E. S. Lacy and D. B. Cheney—all of them trustees.

Three persons who were not trustees were present on those grounds that historic day. The only name coming down to us being that of the Rev. J. H. Warren, at that time Editor of The Pacific, and who wrote editorially a few days later:

"There is not another such college site in America, if indeed anywhere at all in the world. It is the spot above all others we have yet seen or heard of where a man may look in the face of the 19th century and realize the glories that are coming on.

"Before them was the Golden Gate in its broadest opening-out into the great Pacific. Ships were coming in and going out. Asia seemed near—the islands of the sea looking this way. Many nations a few years hence—as their fleets with the wealth of commerce seek these golden shores—will see the University before they see the metropolis, and their first thought of our greatness and strength will be impressed upon them by the intelligence and mind shaping mind within the walls of the College more than by the frowning batteries of Alcatraz."

Whenever we read these words of that missionary hero, delighting in the fact that a great seat of learning would for future ages greet the eyes of incoming multitudes before the places of trade, we recall the words spoken to him at his ordina-

tion in Broadway Tabernacle in New York City, in September, 1850, by Dr. Badger, Secretary of the American Home Missionary Society:

"There are designs of Providence in opening up this field to us at the present moment, my brother, which we cannot fathom. . . . Great and marvelous are his designs herein. We cannot comprehend them. But this we think we can understand. God designs that that country shall be peopled, as none other has been, by a simultaneous intermingling of every kindred and tribe and tongue under the whole heavens. Nay more: He designs that Christianity shall take up her march over the mountains and across the deserts and plant down her institutions thick and fast three thousand miles nearer the great work to be done among Pagan nations—with but a single ocean to intervene."

Today on our Berkeley hills, on ground selected and consecrated by those Christian pioneers, stands forever enthroned the enduring marble buildings of one of the institutions of Christianity —a University whose lofty aim is the pursuit of Truth; and the first object on which eyes fall as they look out toward our east-bay shores, as the steamers pass through the Golden Gate, is that stately shaft, the Campanile, resting on the eternal hills and reaching up toward the illimitable blue.

THE EARLY DECADES OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The first organized movement in the United States against the use of intoxicating liquors originated in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1789—a town that has given to the country much of good leavening, representing in the latter part of the eighteenth century and in the early part of the nineteenth the best and most characteristic life of New England, the people being sturdy and independent to the verge even of eccentricity, "as distinctively marked," wrote a chronicler of the time, "as when they first came from the mint of nature."

In the "Federal Herald" of Lansingburg, N. Y., early in the year 1789 it was stated that "upward of two hundred of the most respectable farmers in Litchfield County, Connecticut, have formed an association to discourage the use of spirituous liquors, and have determined not to use any kind of distilled spirits in doing their farming work the ensuing year.

It was also in the State of Connecticut that the first temperance sermon in the United States was preached. This was in the year 1805, by the Rev. Ebenezer Porter, pastor at that time of the Congregational Church of Washington, and later professor of sacred rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary, and afterward President of that institution. In the winter of 1805 a man was found dead not far from the meeting house, and by his side was a bottle of liquor. Three years later the sermon was read at a meeting of ministers, and in 1811 was published in pamphlet form. On one of the pages of that pamphlet was this statement:

"Probably this infant country has reached a maturity in this shameful vice which is without a parallel in the history of the world. Probably no nation, ancient or modern, in proportion to its whole population, ever had so many male and female drunkards as this. Certainly in no other have the means of intoxication been procured with so much facility and used with so little restraint by all sorts of people."

While this was, so far as known, the first formal sermon against intemperance, it must not be supposed that preachers had not, at a much earlier date, spoken against it incidentally in their sermons. It is said that the Rev. Francis Makemie, sometimes called the "Father of American Presbyterianism," preached against it in this way as early as 1705. And we find it recorded that the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hopkins, one of New England's great theologians, began in pre-revolutionary times to inculcate the duty of abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage, as he did also at an early date that of abstinence from slaveholding.

Practically everybody drank ardent spirits in the early years of our national existence—ministers of the gospel included.

In 1851 the Rev. Dr. John Marsh, in a review of what had been accomplished in the way of reform up to that time, stated that to understand what had been achieved, it was necessary to picture "the time when no table was thought to be properly spread unless it contained a supply of intoxicating drink; when no person would be deemed respectable who did not furnish it to his guests; when no man had the liberty of refusing it on its being offered him; when no laborer could be found who, for any price, would work without strong drink; when no farm, no manufacturing, no mechanical work, could be carried forward unless it was furnished; when no sailor would enlist for a voyage without his spirit rations, and no soldier enter the army without this was secured; when on all provision for parties of pleasure it had a prominent place; when ministers of the Gospel meeting for association or ordination were abundantly supplied by their people; when drinkers and rumsellers were unhesitatingly received as members of Christian Churches."

In 1836 the Rev. Leonard Woods of Andover Theological Seminary fame, stated that about 20 years before, he had attended an ordination service at which two aged ministers were indecently drunk, and a third "indecently excited." And Professor Wood stated also that at one period before the temperance reformation began he could count nearly forty ministers in a small scope of country who were either drunkards, or so far addicted to drinking that their reputation and influence were either utterly ruined or greatly impaired.

Soon after the Rev. Lyman Beecher settled in Litchfield in 1810 he attended two ordinations which led him to silently take an oath before God that he would never attend another where such scenes were likely to be enacted. Beecher has written concerning the first of these: "At this ordination the preparations for our creature comforts in the sitting room of Mr. H—'s house, besides food, was a broad sideboard covered with decanters and bottles and sugar and pitchers of water. There we found all the various kinds of liquors then in vogue. The drinking was apparently universal. This preparation was made by the society as a matter of course. When the consociation arrived, they always took something to drink round; also before public services, and always on the return. As all could not drink at once, they were obliged to stand and wait, as people do when they go to mill.

"There was a decanter of spirits on the dinner table, to help digestion, and gentlemen partook of it through afternoon and evening as they felt the need."

Mr. Beecher stated in his narrative that none of the Consociation, which was at Plymouth, were drunk; but that there was at times so considerable an exhilaration, that one more experience led him to take the vow herein mentioned, and to nerve him for the war he saw must be waged.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, about the period of the Revolutionary War, a church tried by council repeatedly to secure the dismissal of a pastor who was often tipsy in the pulpit, and at least once when officiating at the communion service, but brother ministers stood by him, and the church was compelled to endure him until death gave them what the church councils had denied them.

In 1800 a town voted money, after the death of a beloved pastor, to pay for funeral expenses included in which were bills for liquor. In 1685 at the funeral of a pastor at Ipswich, New Hampshire, one barrel of wine and two barrels of cider were consumed, and a half-dozen years earlier, when the widow of the pastor of the First Church, Boston, passed away, the record is that fifty-one gallons of the best Malaga wine were consumed by the mourners.

Some years ago Professor Calvin E. Stowe, in writing of the rapid increase of the use of liquor in early New England days, told of a farmer who in 1760 laid in a pint of rum for the haying time; but his son in 1810 had to lay in a barrel and a half for the haying on the same farm. Professor Stowe stated that he recollected only two protests against rum in existence at that time. One of these was in Noah Webster's old spelling and reading book, and the other was a tract by Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, who began his notable work as a temperance advocate as early as 1785.

There were scattered efforts at earlier dates to stop the torrent that was yearly gaining increased momentum. At a town meeting in Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1761, John Adams led in an action which resulted in reducing the number of places where liquor was sold, and he influenced the court of sessions to reduce elsewhere the number of licensed houses. But this was only temporary. Fifty years later Adams wrote to Dr. Benjamin Rush: "I only acquired the reputation of a hypocrite and an ambitious demagogue."

The instaurator of the movement in the United States against the use of intoxicating liquors—a movement which is to result in the early months of the year 1920 in making forever illegal their manufacture and sale as beverages,—was Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia. As a member of the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, in 1774, Dr. Rush was the mover of the first resolution in favor of our national independence, and he was the chairman of the committee on independence appointed by the Continental Congress on the 33rd of June, 1776, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Of Quaker origin, the roots of his temperance principles are readily traceable. But association with such early Methodist itinerants as Coke and Asbury deepened and intensified them, and led on to that action on his part which has handed down his name as that of the prime mover in a great cause which soon began to enlist many eminent men as adherents. On one occasion when Bishop Asbury spent a night in his home, being ill, a dram of spirituous liquor was recommended to him by Dr. Rush, as he was about to go to his sleeping room. Despite the fact that it was prescribed by this eminent physician, Asbury declined to take it.

As early as 1785 Dr. Rush published in several newspapers and magazines a series of articles setting forth the detrimental effects of ardent spirits on the human body and mind, and according to Hildreth, the historian, one of the results was that at the celebration of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in Philadelphia, July 4, 1787, ardent spirits were excluded from the entertainment, only American beer and cider being used.

In the year 1808, in the villege of Moreau, Saratoga County, New York, a young physician by the name of Clark appeared at the home of the pastor of the Congregational Church in considerable perturbation one stormy March night. His first words to his pastor on entering the house were: "I have come to see you on important business," and then lifting up both hands he exclaimed: "We shall all become a community of drunkards in this town unless something is done to arrest the progress of intemperance!" Minister and physician that night laid plans which resulted on the 30th of April, 1808, in the organization of the first temperance society in the world. Like that association of an earlier date at Litchfield, Connecticut, which appears to have had only a pledge, but not any constitution and by-laws, this first temperance society was composed largely of farmers. At an early date in the history of the society Dr. Rush

was made an honorary member, for through him, they said, they had first been awakened to the need.

When the Methodist Church was organized in the United States in 1784, there was adopted by the General Conference the rule of John Wesley's societies framed in England as early as 1744, forbidding drunkenness, buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity. But the rule was not widely observed. The record is that great laxity prevailed in all parts of the country. A pioneer Methodist minister in Ohio as he went about found the manufacture, sale and use of ardent spirits widespread among Methodists. In an account of a journey through the south, Bishop Asbury wrote: "I believe the Methodist preachers keep clear both by precept and by example. Would to God the members did so also."

In the General Conference of 1812 the following resolution was introduced:

"Resolved, That no stationed or local preacher shall retail spirituous or malt liquors without forfeiting his ministerial character among us."

In a history of "Methodism and the Temperance Reformation," it has been remarked: "This resolution is a sad comment on the state of the church and the times, and it appears sadder still that even this could not be carried in a General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Five unsuccessful attempts were made to pass the resolution. When the final failure came the mover and most ardent champion of the resolution turned his face to the wall and wept. In 1816 the resolution was introduced again, with "malt liquors" omitted, and its passage was secured. It was not until 1828 that strong resolutions on temperance were passed by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In 1797 the Synod of Pennsylvania (Presbyterian) enjoined its ministerial members to preach against the evils of intemperance. The first decisive action by the Presbyterian General Assembly was taken in 1811, Dr. Rush urging it by letter, as he had done repeatedly before. Action in the General Assembly at Philadephia in May of that year resulted in action in June of the same year by the Congregational Associations of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, and soon then there came into existence "The Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance. The General Association of Connecticut appointed an able committee at its meeting in 1811 to consider what could be done to abolish the evil of intemperance, to correspond and act with the committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly and with other organizations. Among the members of the committee was the Honorable Theodore Dwight and other "Honorables," two undecorated ministers and one "D. D." They reported at the meeting of the Association in 1812 that they had attended to the subject committed to their consideration, but that intemperance had been for some time increasing in the most alarming manner; and that after the most faithful and prayerful inquiry, they were obliged to confess that they did not perceive that anything could be done." Lyman Beecher, who was a member of the Association, felt his blood pulsing through his heart as he listened to this report—one of abject surrender to the great and growing evil. He arose the instant the report was finished and moved that the Association appoint at once a committee of three to report at that meeting on ways and means for arresting the tide of intemperancee, threatening even the existence of the church. Beecher was named as chairman of the committee, and he wrote that day what he in later years termed "the most important paper I ever wrote."

The report recommended that the members of the churches abstain from drinking or selling intoxicating liquors, that all ardent spirits be dispensed with at ordinations, that farmers, mechanics and manufacturers substitute other palatable drinks for their laborers, that all the ministers preach on the subject of intemperance, and that voluntary associations be organized for the promotion of morals.

The recommendations and the appeals in connection therewith stirred the Association to zeal and enthusiasm. The report was adopted and ordered printed for general circulation. It is said that this famous report prepared by Lyman Beecher commended itself at once not only to the clergy, but civilians of every grade — statesmen, governors, judges, lawyers and physicians. Indicating however the hold that drink had of the people it is a matter of record in the annals of the period that some prominent men feared the results of such a movement. It is written that Timothy Dwight, the venerable and widely esteemed President of Yale College, "While he appreciated the exigency and approved the zeal, apprehended that they might transcend the sanction of public sentiment." Nevertheless, with that benignant smile of his he remarked: "If my young friends think it best to proceed, God forbid that I should oppose or hinder them, or withhold my suffrage." Later that year Dwight presided at a meeting in New Haven, and was appointed one of a committee of able and eminent men to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the "Society for the Reformation of Morals," which came into existence early in 1813. The day after the New Haven meeting which led to the formation of that society, Lyman Beecher preached his famous sermon. "A Reformation in Morals Practicable and Indispensable"—a sermon called by Leonard Bacon "the most eloquent of all his printed works," and "a conspicuous forerunner of the temperance reformation."

These first societies, and indeed all for several years, condemned only ardent spirits, saying nothing as to wine and beer and cider. The constitution of the Massachusets Society for the Suppression of Intemperance declared its object to be in part simply "to discountenance and suppress the too free use of ardent spirits."

Lyman Beecher, who has come down in the history of the temperance reformation as "one of the first, most progressive and resolute champions," has written concerning the unfolding of the temperance principle: "I think that when we first engaged in the Temperance Reform we acted according to all the light we had. We took the only ground we could at that time without having all our effort covering us with shame. We attacked first what we met first, and that was the van of the enemy's power. It came on under the banner of ardent spirits, and we drove it back at the point of the bayonet. But no sooner had we put the enemy to flight than we found that he had a great many auxiliaries whose power we never were aware of until the main body was gone. Then they became the main body, and we found that the main body itself, that we supposed we had driven off the field, had only gone round a hill and changed their jackets, and now came up again under the banner of wine and beer and cider; so, we had to fight the battle over again with the same soldiers."

So intrenched was the drink habit in the life of the people by the time organized effort was thus made to combat it that the progress of the reform was slow.

The consumption of the stronger liquors, wine, beer, ale and cider excluded, climbed up from two and a half gallons per capita in 1792 to four and four-seventh gallons in 1810, and by 1823 it had reached seven and a half gallons. By many the Temperance Reformation was stamped as a failure. In the pastoral address at the meeting of the General Association of Connecticut in 1817 it was stated that the evil checked for a time was then gaining ground. The report of the Massachusetts Society in 1818 told of progress in some localities, but stated that in general intemperance was increasing.

In 1823 the Boston Recorder gave this testimony: "We regret that the efforts for reform are so few and feeble. The laws are poorly executed. Nothing, comparatively, is yet actually accomplished. Moral societies which sprang into existence a few years ago as if by magic, at the alarming prevalence of vice, are nearly all merged into oblivion. Their influence was gone even sooner then their names. Intemperance now walks at large aided rather than opposed by law. The sale of licenses has become a source of public revenue at the expense of pblic virtue. * * * It is an evil of wide extent in the land. No check is given or scarcely attempted. Philanthropists, statesmen and Christians witness and deplore it."

Writing in 1866 of an experience when he entered Andover Theological Seminary in 1825, Professor Calvin E. Stow said: "When I first arrived at the Mansion House, which was kept for the exclusive use and benefit of the students and visitors at the Seminary, the first thing I did was to step up to the bar and order a glass of brandy toddy, which Squire ——, a leading supporter of the Seminary mixed with his own hands."

In the latter part of the year 1825 several persons interested in the reform and seeing the need for more determined effort than had as yet been made met in Boston for consultation and prayer. As a result, men connected with various churches met in Park Street Church on the 10th of January 1826, and preliminary steps were taken which brought into existence on the 13th of February, 1826, "The American Society for the Promotion of Temperance."

Although the men leading in this movement, such as the Revs. Leonard, Woods and Justin Edwards, Messrs. Jeremiah Evarts and John Tappan, were total abtainers, they were cautious in their efforts. At the first preliminary meeting they resolved to attempt the formation of a society "whose grand principle should be abstinence from strong drink." At the second preliminary meeting they expressed it as their purpose "to restrain and prevent the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors." And a little later when the constitution of the society was framed and adopted reference therein was to "the **improper use** of intoxicating liqours," which were spoken of as "the source of numerous evils."

In the great national temperance convention held in Philadelphia in May 1833 an effort was made to commit the convention to the principle of total abstinence, but a motion to that effect was speedily voted down. The previous year, however the Methodist General Conference adopted a report on Temperance in which was this paragraph:

"We are the more disposed to press the necessity of entire abstinence because there seems to be no safe line of distinction between the moderate and the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks. The transition from the moderate to the immoderate use of them is almost as certain as it is insensible. Indeed, it is with us a question of great moral interest whether a man can indulge in their use at all and be considered temperate."

In 1835 the directors of the American Temperance Society declared in their annual report: "The light of experience proves that abstinence from the use of all intoxicating liquor as a beverage is not only safe but salutary, and that it is the only course in which it can rationally be expected that drunkenness will ever be done away." It was stated in that report:

"In the pledge of many societies the words 'ardent spirits' have been changed for intoxicating liquors, and most of the societies which have been formed the past year, especially among young men, have been formed on the plan of abstinence from the use as a beverage."

As early as 1827 the Massachusetts Society adopted a resolution expressing the duty of total abstinence. Although this was the rule of the members generally, it was not incorporated into the constitution until 1833.

In the next number of the Pacific we will sketch the crusade against intemperance down through the remaining years to the great victory in 1919.

NEW BOOKS.

Morning Faces. By George McPherson Hunter. A fine collection of pulpit talks to children. Suggestive to pastors and excellent for Sunday home reading to the children by parents. A few of the topics: Where Does God Live? The Sun Says Its Prayers; God's Hall of Fame; Ready for the Long Hike; What's Your Rank? The Ball Game and the Game of Life; God's Multiplication Table. **George H. Doran Company, New York.. $1.25 net.**

Thoburn Called of God. By Bishop William F. Oldham. This book is a record of the outstanding events in the life of Bishop Thoburn—one of the great missionaries of the Methodist Church. He believes that God has been with him, not only in a general way, all the time, but especially at set times and in distinctive ways, that his presence has been unmistakable. "He is jealous that from the Christian heritage there shall not be abstracted by any play of rationalistic thought the comfort and the strength vouchsafed to the Christian believer who knows he is 'called,' not only to a special career, but also that in the various steps of that career he may expect the guidance of the pillar of 'cloud by day' and 'the pillar of fire by night.'" Accordingly, his friend, Bishop Oldham, sets forth these things on the pages of this book. **Methodist Book Concern.. $1.00 net.**

Prayers and Thanksgivings for a Christian Year. By Isaac Ogden Rankin. In addition to a brief passage of Scripture and a prayer for every day of the year this choice volume contains prayers for special days and occasions. We turn to the page for January 10, the day on which this note concerning the book is being written, and find the prayer to be one for "Strength for the Way," from which we quote: "We thank thee that the weakness and unfaith are all in us and that thou changest not in love and power. When we are vexed and troubled, be thou our serenity of spirit and the rock of our safety and repose." Throughout, the book is a devotional one of high order, one that will be a source of blessing to every home in which it finds place and use. **Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.25; postage, 10 cents.**

The Winning of Religious Liberty. By Joseph H. Crooker. Dr. A. E. Dunning says in the preface to this volume that it is especially pertinent at this time, that it is an important contribution toward finding ways to promote that unity in society and in common worship and service for which, through the recent war new aspirations have been awakened. He says that he knows of no other recently published volume which so impressively sets forth the value of the Congregational Order in its bearing on the worship of God and the service of men. "It will aid the average reader to a fair judgment of leaders in ecclesiastical history whom he has been taught to revere and those he has been directed to condemn because of their religious views. The liberty of mankind to develop through the democratic spirit can be secured only in the direction indicated by the trend of history as described in this volume." The opening chapter on "The Martyrdom of Man" sets forth the intolerance of the early centuries. This is followed by one on "Early Prophets and Protestant Failures." Then follow: "The Independent Congregation" and "The Contribution of America." **Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.50.**

Pathfinders of the Soul-Country. By Josiah Sibley. The first sermon in a volume of a dozen or more furnishes the title of a book of sermons by Dr. Sibley, minister of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco. It is a volume well worth reading—one of real inspiration and helpfulness. They are as the sub-title says, "Sermons for Today." Dr. Sibley speaks of the pathfinder as both master and servant. "He captivates with his adventures, he capitalizes with his achievements. He is the troubadour of the ages; he is the salt of society." The pathfinder of the soul-country is pictured as greeting the unseen with a cheer. "If sacrifice and hardship and sorrow stand beside his way, they do but challenge the heroic that abides within."

> "'I go to prove my soul!
> I see my way as birds their
> trackless way.
> I shall arrive!"

In the sermon on "Unconscious Deterioration," Dr. Sibley says: "Premeditated evil has slain her thousands; unconscious deterioration has slain her tens of thousands." In the one on "Borrowers and Lenders," it is remarked: "The age in which we live is crying aloud for sons and daughters who will give the sense of the heavenly vision. * * * All the greatest work of the world has been done in the moments when workmen have had a sense of the unseen, when they have worked with a passion for the ideal. All movements of reform and of progress and of modern development have been accomplished only by those who have had the vision that looks beyond the stars." **Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00 net.**

"AFTER DEATH."

A New and Enlarged Edition of "Letters from Julia."

The Editor of The Pacific has had the pleasure of receiving from the publishers, the George H. Doran Company, New York, a new and enlarged edition of a book by W. T. Stead, which startled the world several years ago under "Letters from Julia, or Light from the Borderland."

In addition to several of the letters not originally published this edition contains also an article written by Mr. Stead some years ago on "How I Know the Dead Return." With reference to the new letters, Mr. Stead's daughter writes: "They open up new lines of thought and show

how in some letters Julia has changed her views as she has gained more knowledge of the life across the Border."

In a preface to this book it is stated that these important messages from Mr. Stead's friend who had crossed the Border assert in common two or three things: "The first is that death makes no break in the continuity of mental consciousness. Our personality persists with so vivid a sense of its own identity that there is often at first some difficulty in realizing that death has taken place. The second is that the period of growth and probation is no more complete at death than it is on leaving school, finishing an apprenticeship, or retiring from business. The environment is changed. But the principle of growth, of evolution, of endless progress towards ideal perfection, continues to be the law of life."

Since the things in the realm of psychic phenomena appeared in the "Letters from Julia," there has been a great deal of similar character and import, but nothing more appealing to mind and heart. The last half dozen years have been prolific in this respect. Most notable, perhaps, have been the Patience Worth stories. Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" has been one of the most widely read. In the last few months "The Seven Purposes," by Margaret Cameron, and "Thy Son Liveth," by a woman of prominence who for the present withholds her name, are among the books of this character that are keeping many people on the alert—expecting ere long something more determinative, something that will enable us to arrive at more definite conclusions as to these puzzling communications from—the unknown.

It is noteworthy that in the latest "Letters from Julia" there is the statement that the number of persons on the other plane of existence who wish to communicate with people on this planet is comparatively small—possibly not one in a million having such desire. The new life has its interests, and they are absorbing.

In one of the letters from Julia we find this: "We neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven, free to mingle and merge our beings in their whole totality with any other being or beings with whom the vibrations of our souls coincide, and for so long as they coincide. The ecstacy of such union transcends the ecstacy of physial love on earth as the area of the human body exceeds the fractional part devoted to generation. There is no restriction on the liberty of love. If anyone arriving here is incapable of vibrating in sympathy with any one but the spouse of earth life, such can remain as monogamous here as on earth. But we do not regard the selfishness of two as the highest stage."

Certain words of Jesus to his questioners are in point here: "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as angels in heaven."

There are many things set forth in these letters which many of us would like to believe as to the future life. Here is one paragraph well worth quoting and thinking about:

"There are many to whom the light of the new life, which is love, manifesting itself and manifested, appeals at once. They are in their element, and rejoice exceedingly to be at home in heaven—at home with God who is Love. But those whose acrid temperament and selfish disposition have gradually made them loveless and utterly self-seeking, find themselves in the world like blind men in the presence of the glory of sunrise. It is there, flooding the world with color and splendor, but all its radiance does not exist for him because his optic nerve is destroyed. The optic nerve of the soul is unselfish love; with that one can see God, can enter heaven. I use the terms which use has consecrated. For, the arbitrary division, heaven and hell, though corresponding to the truth in its crude essence is very far from representing things as they are. Yet possibly it would have been difficult to make men realize the difference except by sharp contrasts. Heaven shades off into hell; hell shades off into heaven—by a similar imperceptible gradation. Between the two there is no great gulf fixed as is suggested in the parable of Lazarus. For, the Borderland which divides the two is crossed by innumerable paths along which the dwellers in heaven are perpetually leading those who were spirits in prison, to whom those of us who are in the light of the Love of God are preaching. Preaching in this sense—that of loving and making them believe in love, and causing them to love. As I wrote, the joy of heaven is emptying hell. I never wrote a truer word. The task is not an easy one, but what infinite joy there is when the darkened eye is opened, and a soul begins to live! This world is like your world, only the things of the spirit are visible, and the dwelling mask of matter is no longer here to obscure the vision of the soul."

That which we have just quoted is fine—it is something that very many good people would like to believe about the other life, and we shall not say nay to any multitude of persons who may take it as something handed down from that life. This much as to psychic phenomena cannot be gainsaid: It is no more unreasonable today to believe in the spiritistic explanation than it is to believe in any other explanation. The fact is there isn't any explanation yet.

Something from hidden sources has been and is coming to mankind increasingly of late, and it has brough a big lot of comfort to unnumbered hearts. Many are going to cling to these things and be comforted by them so long as no one has any explanation more satisfactory than the spiritistic one.

George H. Doran Company, New York, $1.25 Net.

Japan is the only country in Asia having an adequate national school system. And 98 per cent of the children between the ages of six and twelve are in the schools.

WHAT DOES JESUS CHRIST MEAN TO ME?

William M. Brooks.

Jesus was a perfect man. In spirit such a man as God wants me to be. To be Christlike is the highest moral attainment. Jesus knew humanity by experience. He came a helpless babe; "He advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men." He was hungry. He was weary. He enjoyed the friendship of the quiet home in Bethany. His temptations were real, and all the stronger, if he was conscious of superhuman power. His life was a probation as much as ours. He is an example, not in the particular things he did, not in the trade he followed, nor in what he ate or drank or wore.

He is an example in his confident trust in God and his unwavering faith that right will triumph. When the way seemed dark, when the Jewish rulers were plotting against him, and one of his chosen disciples was a traitor, he said, "Be of good cheer"; "Let not your heart be troubled." He is an example in his forgiving spirit. He said forgive a repentant brother, not merely seven times but seventy times seven in a day. Upon the cross it was the supreme triumph of his life when he prayed, "Father forgive them."

He is an example in his teaching. "He taught many things by parables," drawing spiritual lessons from familiar things, indicating that the world is full of parables teaching spiritual truth, and, if understood, all truth leads the thought to God.

He is an example in his affection: "Love one another as I have loved you."

In all the fruits of the spirit, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness," and in every virtue, he was a perfect example.

Many things in the last few years might suggest that Jesus was an example in his indignation, as with "A scourge of cords" he drove the money changers from the temple, poured out their money and overthrew their tables; or as he said, "Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites," "who devour widow's houses and for a pretense make long prayers." As Jesus "went about doing good" his manner in healing expressed sympathy. He put his hands upon the eyes of the blind. He put his fingers to the ears of the deaf. He took by the hand the little girl he healed.

After a weary day of teaching and healing, he went home with Peter and healed his wife's mother, and "it was noised abroad" that the healer had come. A great multitude of sick folks gathered about the house eager for the healing they believed he could give.

It would have been easier and no doubt just as effective for him to have said, "Be it with you according to your faith; be ye healed and depart in peace." But it is written, "He laid his hands upon every one of them and healed them."

If the healing could have been as complete without his touching them, he could not have brought to them any such impression of his sympathy and his personal interest as came by putting "his hands upon every one of them."

Jesus was the Son of God, not merely a Son of of God as we are all sons of God. He was the only Son of God who lived in perfect harmony with his Father.

He was God manifested in the flesh. In him dwelt all the fulness of the Infiinte God that can come into human limitations. In his book, "God the Invisible King," Mr. H. G. Wells says "God is finite," and while his language seems to me to be false, he is perhaps striving after a correct idea.

The infinite includes the finite, and all we know of the infinite is what comes within the finite. We know nothing of infinite space except the finite measurements, so all we know of the Infinite God is through his finite revelations. God lived in Jesus. He spoke through him. When upon the cross Jesus prayed, "Father, forgive them," it was God, the Father, speaking through those lips of flesh and revealing his own heart to men.

Jesus was the way we must take to find God. He was the truth one must have whose thought reaches God. He was the life one must live to see God.

In Jesus' life our highest ideals are satisfied. It is the eternal life we must enter upon here. It is the life which will bring in a new heaven and a new earth. To me Jesus Christ is a perfect example "Beyond which we cannot go; short of which we must not stop" in trying to become Christlike.

He is a revelation of God as a father seeking his lost children; a father running to welcome the returning prodigal.

He is an inspiration, inciting us to try to reach our highest ideals.

LITTLE CONGREGATIONS.

By William C. Allen.

"Our hoard is little, but our hearts
are great."—Tennyson.

One of the finest services I ever attended was held on the diminutive porch of a ranch house, 8,000 feet above sea-level, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. The big pine trees swung over our heads in the soft autumnal air and thrust their points into the heart of the deep blue sky. The nearby patch of corn and berries rustled gentle music and was all the choir we had. Behind towered a huge wall of glistening granite and heaped-up mountains that seemed to speak of the immutability of God. About ten persons were present, including a few from nearby farms. The ministry was simple and poured forth the glad elixir of the Kingdom. It spoke of solace in sorrow, of the holy promises of Jehovah, of hope in Jesus. As it progressed, tears coursed down the faces of some of the little flock. Was not the uplift of the hour worth while? Had we not, though small in numbers, been in the presence of the King?

When our Lord ascended into heaven He left a little band, weak, needy, steeped in prayer. Its very helplessness compelled it to supplicate with potent fervor for the continued presence and aid of its vanished Leader. The physical opposition it encountered forced it to absolute dependence upon the spiritual realities alone. Surrounded by enemies and familiar with prison walls it increased in power and numbers. Here is a lesson and challenge from the past. Can we accept it?

As a few coals placed together send forth light and heat so do united Christian hearts glow into a living flame. Those who have dedicated themselves to Jesus rejoice in the fellowship of worship—they long for their neighbors to partake of it. There is no selfishness in the things of Christ. Their minister will not tread a lonely path when he asks others to participate in the golden hour. His people, with tactfulness born of love for their Master, will invite their neighbors to go with them to the house of prayer. Some will refuse, others will accept. Repeated effort in the spiritual realm, as in other things, brings a sure reward.

We love our country with fervid hearts. We are persuaded that without righteousness America will fail of her lofty mission to the world. Each tiny congregation constitutes a rallying place where the thunders of Sinai or witness to the still, small voice may obtain a hearing. Probably the interpretation of the loftier patriotism is best understood by those who with open minds wait on God. But if these gatherings are to be effective they should be rooted in unity and love. Each member then will be personally qualified to contribute to the development of the finer idealism that America proclaims. Our country is very dependent on the little groups of church people for maintaining the spiritual forces that make a nation safe and great.

The Holy Spirit gladly comes to where two or three are gathered in His name. It may be out in the countryside, where winter winds sweep boisterously or when summer breezes softly play. It may be in the crowded courts of an apparently God-forgetting city or where men keep watch far away on the restless sea. It may be in the stillness of the old-time Friend's worship, where unuttered heart-melody ascends to the great white throne. It may be in some magnificent cathedral where clouds of incense and high ritual avow fealty to God. He loves all—He accepts all. But probably it is the little groups which, if they only know it, are favored most of all. The baptism of Christ's healing waters is not always poured most abundantly upon the great assemblies. The little folk are strangely blessed of Him—no man can take away their joy.

From the small churches have gone forth men and women who have swayed the world. Every humble place of worship may become a hallowed spot more alluring than gold or fairyland. The faithful little congregations illuminate the spiritual gloom that surrounds them. Is not a dimly-burning wick better than no light at all? We answer, yes.

A GREAT UNION MEETING.

It was a great meeting in its interest and significance—that all-day conference of the ministers of the churches of all the Protestant denominations in the cities on San Francisco Bay. There was scarcely a man of the large number in attendance who did not have his face bravely toward the future, determined to do his part in the rebuilding of the world.

The theme was "Today's Challenge to the Church." The Rev. Dr. Dille, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Alameda, declared that nothing but a great challenge would grip and hold men today; that our one problem had been to win the war; now there were a hundred problems to keep it won. And woe unto us if we do not carry the gospel everywhere.

Speaking on "The Challenge of Labor," the Rev. Dr. E. P. Dennett, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Berkeley, made it evident that the day had passed when men could excuse themselves for iniquitous business practices because they were according to the rules of the game. Generally the rules of the game were not God's rules at all. The ethics of Christ must be applied in every sphere of life, and everything that does not square with those ethics is bound to go down.

No one could listen to Dr. Dennett without the impression that he was seized with the conviction that competition, whether great or small, is war.

When the Rev. Dr. E. L. Parsons, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Berkeley, came to the platform and spoke on "The Challenge of Wealth" —then it was that we heard the deliverance: "The competitive system cannot be found in the New Testament. I have tried again and again to find it there, and have failed utterly."

Speaking of the task before the Church, Dr. Parsons said that the campaign to bring men to get the vision should be one of education, never of denunciation. The goal is, to bring men to see that all that they have, whether in way of talent or of accumulation, is not their own, but is for the common good.

The Rev. Frank Linder, associate pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Berkeley, in one of the most impressive addresses of the day, was specific in considerable that he had to say, putting his finger pointedly on several of the movements of the present time which churchmen and men of business must deal with more understandingly than they have been dealing with them if awful trouble is to be averted. He pointed to 14,000 persons in one part of the little city of Berkeley practically untouched by the churches. Mr. Linder spoke on "The Challenge of Bolshevism."

"The Challenge of the Big Cities" was the topic finely handled by Dr. Van Horn of the First Congregational Church, Oakland. He spoke of the city as the storm-center of civilization—ever changing as it grows bigger and bigger, the churches standing between two tides, the outgoing and the inflowing. As he contemplated the situation as it now is he wondered sometimes, he said,

what would become of the church ship. Religion would survive, of course, but what of the church?

We wish we had space in which to tell of other able addresses and to give a few thoughts here and there out of the splendid discussions which followed each address.

The Rev. J. C. Reid, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, made a strong plea for a League of Nations, speaking on "The Challenge of the Present International Situation."

To the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley had been assigned the topic: "Church Federation Essential to the Accomplishment of the Task." In ringing words he aarraigned denominationalism as we now have it, holding it accountable for much that is grievous. The union church he did not think to be the way out of difficulties and evils; nor federation at the best quite the way out. And federation, if it must be the only thing to be followed after, must **mean something**—must have a program and a serviceable one for the community.

It is noteworthy that in the discussion which followed the Rev. Robert Donaldson, the City Missionary for the Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, declared that "the man outside is done with the church unless we can present a united front." A step forward suggested by Superintendent Donaldson was that Home Mission Boards amalgamate the Sunday-schools.

The Rev. Dr. Josiah Sibley, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, and president of the San Francisco Church Federation, spoke forcibly for Church Union.

Dr. White, San Francisco, district superintendent, Methodist Church, made it evident in his participation in the discussion that he hasn't the vision yet; and Bishop Leonard apparently is considerably behind the two Methodist bishops who attended the recent conference in Philadelphia, called to advance the movement for unity.

This conference reached its climax in inspiring thought when in the evening Mr. J. Stitt Wilson spoke on Problems of Reconstruction and the Conserving of the Gains of the War.

The present he declared was the most strategic moment in history for thousands of years. The call now is to seize the institutions of man for the kingdom of God. The world lies in the laps of the gods, waiting for almost a new effort to redeem it from barbarity, iniquity, and injustice. And long ago the edict went forth that every plant that is not planted of God will go under.

As he spoke, Mr. Wilson was full of subdued emotion. It was evident that he had a message to utter which he could scarcely put in words. Something had gripped him—he had a vision of the unutterable soul hunger of the world and what it would mean if men were to awake to the destiny God had in store on this earthly plane for mankind. And the supreme requisite now was prayer —prayer as Jesus taught it; not prayers, but prayer.

"Enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray!"

Mr. Wilson avowed himself a Socialist, but not a Party Socialist. He had become a Socialist, he said, not by reading Socialist books, but by the reading of one little volume which, as he took out of his vest-pocket and held up to view, was seen to be a copy of the New Testament.

As Mr. Wilson proceeded and declared that the choice for our day and generation lay between practical Christianity and Bolshevism, his hearers, so far as we could observe, looked as if they believed it.

It is one of the good signs of the times that an address such as Mr. Wilson gave that night should call forth dozens of times the most hearty applause, indicating that ministers and laymen had advanced to higher ground than that occupied only a few years ago. No longer are men and women afraid of the badge of Socialism—for year by year for some time our institutions have been picking out and adopting the good features of Socialism, and many more will be adopted soon. Very few well-informed men today believe that we can ever patch up for long the old competitive system—that we must move quickly on to Industrial Democracy; and in such a co-operative system as that will be imbedded the main good in Socialism. In fact, it is Socialism as Socialism is today generally conceived.

We have called this a union meeting of ministers, and so it was in the main; but many laymen were in attendance, and the meeting was under the auspices of the San Francisco Federation of Churches.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED AT UNION MEETING OF MINISTERS.

The following resolutions, drawn and presented by a committee consisting of Messrs. John W. Buckham, Edward L. Parsons, David A. Pitt, Arthur H. Briggs, Howard P. Rigdon and Josiah Sibley, were adopted by unanimous vote at the union meeting of ministers in San Francisco on the 6th of January.

The ministers of San Francisco and the Bay region, assembled in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, Monday, January 6th, 1919, for conference upon the topic,

"Today's Challenge to the Church,"

embody some of the results of their discussion in the following resolutions:

Resolved: (1) That the Church of today is called upon to do its utmost to see that the Ethics of Jesus be applied to all the forms and activities of modern life.

This involves the education of an economic conscience so that the Labor Problem may receive sympathetic and thorough consideration in order that misunderstanding and ignorance on all sides of the question be removed, enabling us to face the industrial situation in a spirit of fairness and goodwill.

Resolved: (2) That we earnestly commend anew to all members of our Churches and to all who care

for an unselfish and brotherly life the principle that all property be held in trust for humanity and be spent in the service of God and man; that all possessions, great and small, be acquired not only honestly but by methods that contribute to the common good and promote the welfare of men and women and children who labor so that the new social vision which has dawned upon us may become a reality.

Resolved. (3) That, recognizing the fact that people have come to live largely in great communities, thus making the world a chain of link cities, we cannot escape the conclusion that if the Church is to conquer the world for Jesus Christ, it must be able to conquer the cities of the world. We, therefore, deeply deplore the tendency of Protestant churches in recent years to leave the city centers where the people are thick and needy, and go to the suburbs where people are comparatively well-to do, and we ardently hope for a reversal of this tendency and the establishment or reconstruction—under one denomination or all denominations—of a great downtown church in the populous center of every great city.

Resolved. (4) That it is the duty of the church of today, and of every lover of humanity to do the utmost possible to further the cause of a League of Nations, that the reign of militarism be brought to an end and a just and lasting peace be inaugurated, so that the terrible incubus of vast standing armies and competitive navies and the paralyzing threat of war may be removed and humanity go forward to realize a great world brotherhood.

Resolved. (5) That we do most heartily approve and urge a closer union of the Churches of Christ, and that to this end we recommend that in addition to the San Francisco Church Federation —under whose auspices we have met and whose work we most highly commend—a federation of the Churches of Alameda County be formed, if such be found possible; and we further recommend that such conferences as this of today be called at least quarterly for the development of Christian fellowship and for the promotion of comity and concentration in our great national task of bringing the Spirit of Christ into the common life and service of these great communities about San Francisco Bay.

Singapore, Malaysia, is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Sixty-nine languages and dialects are spoken there.

Below all castes in India are sixty million outcasts who are forbidden to enter the temples or to speak the name of any one of India's thirty million gods.

Tomorrow comes, and we are where?
Then let us live today.

—Schiller.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. W. J. Speers of Salida has accepted a call to the pastorate at Ceres.

Secretaries Kelsey, Hinman and Rathbone went to Chicago on the 15th to attend the Mid-Winter Conference of Secretaries and Superintendents.

The California Woman's Christian Temperance Union has had presented to it the private home of Mary R. Hanson near Mt. Hermon, and it will be used as a W. C. T. U. Rest Home.

The Rev. Benjamin F. Sargeant is supplying the church at Suisun—going out from his Berkeley home. A fine new house of worship will be dedicated next month at Suisun.

The Rev. J. D. Foster, a retired minister whose home had been in Berkeley for many years, passed into the other life recently at the age of 82. A graduate of Oberlin, Mr. Foster was ordained in 1874. His first service in California was at Highland. In 1891 he came to Berekeley to take the pastorate of Park Church which he served devotedly for four years. After 1896 he had no pastorate. Mr. Foster was a man of fine character, esteemed by all who knew him. He served well his day and generation.

A large number of good causes lose a royal helper in the passing into the other life of Mrs. George W. Scott, a long-time member of the First Congregational Church of Alameda. One of the places where Mrs. Scott will be very greatly missed is in the California Girls' Training Home, an institution established in Alameda some years ago, and of which she was for many years the treasurer. Every Thursday afternoon has been spent by her with the girls in the Home for a long time. Her spirit and influence will continue to abide there, and in many other circles outside those of home and church her memory will be cherished.

The recent annual meeting of Plymouth Church, Oakland, indicated that 1918 was a good year for that church. One hundred and two persons were received to membership, $18,115 were contributed for all purposes. At the end of the year there was a balance of $266 in the treasury. The sum of $1,250 was paid on the debt. At the annual meeting Dr. Kloss recommended the selection of one woman as trustee and a new church constitution. A series of Sunday evening sermons is being given on "The Reconstruction of Belief." Among the topics are: An Adequate God, Modern Man and the Changing Order, The Passion for Social Service, The Christ of Today, The Passion for Social Service, Evolution and the Doctrinal Sin.

The Rev. Dr. Gilbert N. Brink, a graduate of Pomona College and of the Pacific School of Religion, has been made General Secretary of the Baptist Publication Society. For the last few years Dr. Brink has been the Educational Secre-

tary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society. Ordained for the gospel ministry in 1901, Dr. Brink, impressed with the thought that he could as a teacher best serve as an interpreter and proponent of Christianity, offered himself for educational work in the Philippines, where, advanced at an early date to the position of director of education, he served for nine years. Later he was at the head of the high school department of the Berkeley public schools, and for a time also was connected with the school for boys at Belmont. A summary of Dr. Brink's work as Educational Secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, given in a recent issue of the Pacific Baptist, shows that it was notable and of large advantage to the denomination.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity have voted to devote two of their Monday meetings each month to a study of "The Gospel for a Working World," one of the Missionary Education Movement books for Mission Study for 1918-19. A leader will be chosen for each meeting who will present certain portions of it, and this will be followed by general comment, questions and answers. It is one of the good signs of the times that ministers realize as never before the need for wide-pread study of industrial questions. We can wish no better wish for the laymen in our churches than that they might by individual study and by study in clubs acquaint themselves as not very many are yet acquainted with those great problems which are sketched in the book herein mentioned. As Dr. Ward says on one of the pages of his book: "To be a Christian today is not simply to accept a body of truth, not merely to live according to certain rules, but to find out how the great principles that Jesus gave mankind can be translated into character and conduct, individual and social." And more, as men of far vision now see: "There are higher ranges of living to be reached, where as yet the advance-guard of humanity has not camped." If there is any meaning for the world in Jesus of Nazareth, any hope in him either here or hereafter, it is that God's will is sometime to be done on earth as it is in heaven. That is what he said to his disciples to pray for, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth a it is in heaven." Is God's will done on earth now? No sane man will say that it is. And it's splendid that multitudes everywhere are beginning to realize that they are here for just that thing—to help along the day when it will be done. There are some who will hold back and will go down to their tombs resting in things as they are; many others, thanks be to Him who is giving victory, are going to enlighten themselves and start out on new adventures for God.

I will not blame environment
For lack in me of larger good.
Time, place, are just the soil God gives
For habitation and for food.

—James Buckham.

WORK AMONG THE GREEKS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

It was the privilege of the Editor of The Pacific to attend a meeting in San Francisco on a recent Sunday evening at which there were something like two hundred Greeks in attendance, a meeting which is an augury of good to be accomplished in the work that has been undertaken here among that race of people by Mr. Alexander Angelou, a graduate from the Pacific School of Religion and who is backed by the Northern California Congregational Conference.

This is but one of a variety of meetings that has been held since Mr. Angelou entered on that work a few weeks ago. Several are held each week—some in halls in that part of the city where the Greeks are located, others in rooms in the hotels in which they are lodged.

The work is social and religious and is designed to bring the Greeks into such an acquaintance with the best of our American life and institutions as will make for their uplift and qualify them for participation therein both to their advantage and our own.

There are, perhaps, fifteen thousand of them in San Francisco, mostly young men. Homes are few, and their assimilation, congregated as they are south of Market street, is a matter requiring the best thought and most earnest co-operation of the leaders among themselves and those of our own race devoted to human progress.

What may be accomplished is foreshadowed somewhat in the advancement of Mr. Angelou himself in a few years. Coming here in 1909 he was a waiter in the St. Francis Hotel for two years. Though working hard ten or twelve hours a day, so ardent was his desire for an English education that he went to a Y. M. C. A. night school and there laid the foundations on which he builded year after year until he was graduated from the University of California and the Pacific School of Religion. Then he turned toward those of his race needing a helping hand in San Francisco and is now giving himself devotedly to a work for which his training in the University and the Pacific School of Religion has fitted him.

Wishing to bid him Godspeed in it and to manifest to others, as could be, the Christian interest which we all should have in such an effort to advance the welfare of his people now and to contilnue to be a part of our city life, the Editor accepted an invitation to be present at the opening of the meeting herein mentioned, which was of the nature of a forum carried on in Greek—and to make a few introductory remarks. The remarks were on human solidarity, and appear to have been such as to bring all who could understand and all to whom they were afterward interpreted into sympathetic relations at once.

Addresses in Greek that evening were made on "Life and Its Higher Aims," by Mr. George Phaon; on "Jesus as a Social Reformer," by Mr. Angelou; on "The Democratic Movement in Greece," by Mr. Constantine Athanasius.

An organization called the "Helicon Club" has been started, and such forums as were held that evening will be of frequent occurrence.

Mr. Angelou's mother and sister and a brother will arrive here from Greece in a few weeks, and a home will be established out of which many and wide-spread influences for good will flow. Many hands should be reached out for his encouragement and the furtherance of the work.

The Greeks were the first to speak the word democracy. They have made large contribution to civilization. From many of those incorporated in these days into our body politic we may confidently expect commendable and honorable participation in the American life of the twentieth century.

THE REV. H. H. WIKOFF.

On Monday, December 23, 1918, the Rev. H. H. Wikoff, who had been for nearly twenty-four years the Pacific District Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, passed into the other life. A graduate from Princeton College in 1874 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877, Mr. Wikoff's first pastorate was with a Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin. Coming to California in 1879 he had a successful pastorate with the Congregational Church at Sonoma for nearly nine years. Resigning there in 1889, he entered on the pastorate of the Fourth Congregational Church of San Francisco, devoting himself to the work there until early in the year 1895, when he resigned to take the Pacific Coast Secretaryship of the Church Building Society. A devoted, capable secretary, a man having at heart all the interests of Congregationalism and the wide interests of the Kingdom of God, he has left the impress of his life near and far during those years of splendid service. A member of the First Church of Berkeley and a deacon therein at the time of his departure, funeral services were conducted in the church auditorium by Dr. Brooks, the pastor, on Thursday, December 26. The Rev. Dr. Walter Frear, an intimate friend for many years, summed up in an address that day what Mr. Wikoff's life had meant to all our Congregational interests, and paid beautiful tribute to him as our Christian brother and co-worker.

Expressing as it did so finely the life of Mr. Wikoff among us, we asked Dr. Frear to write out his remarks of that day and they appear in this number of The Pacific.

As stated in the December number of The Pacific, Mr. Wikoff was stricken with a progressive hemorrhage of the brain, which resulted in paralysis, as he was sitting in his office on December 9, soon after attendance at the metting of the ministers that day. He was engaged in conversation concerning The Pacific at the time, and his last co-herent words were about the paper which had been much on his heart of late and for which he was hoping a larger sphere of influence in the near future.

Glad are we to have been a co-worker with this brother of fine character and devotion, for Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom on this coast these many years.

Walt Whitman wrote in one of his poems:

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill, and looked at the crowded heaven,
And I said to my Spirit, When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?
And my Spirit said, No, we but level that lift, to pass and continue beyond."

Our friend and brother has leveled a lift beyond this earth plane, and now entering into the knowledge and pleasure of things there, he will there as here live the life that will enable him to pass and continue beyond.

TRIBUTE TO THE REV. H. H. WIKOFF

By the Rev. Walter Frear.

Given December 26th, in First Congregational Church, Berkeley.

It was with something of a surprise that I received the invitation to speak the few words that should be spoken here today. For as things are with me at present in my advanced age I could not avoid the thought that there were others who could speak them more fittingly than I; and also I had not supposed that even the members of our brother's own family knew what a large and warm place he held in my affectionate regards.

But as it is I count it a privilege to express in however an inadequate way my high appreciation of his worth, and my loving esteem for him.

For many years he has been to me a dear friend and a brother beloved. Many times we have taken sweet counsel together, and I have greatly valued his companionship. His sudden death has come to me as a personal bereavement.

His friendship, as I look back upon it today, was without a flaw. There were geniality and kindness in his spirit. There was charity in his heart for others. There was rancor or bitterness in his words toward none. I prized his sincerety and candor. I admired his well-balanced judgment on all affairs pertaining to our work and fellowship. It was easy to get into sympathetic touch with him on any of the great interests effecting our fellowship and service. He was never given to criticism or faultfinding; but he was ever constructive in his planning and desire to help. Always he sought to build up, and not to tear down. He was unselfish and single hearted in his devotion to the welfare and progress of the kingdom of God among us. I am glad to give this simple tribute to his

fine personality, his beautiful Christian character, and his choice qualities for friendship.

His death has come to us all as a painful surprise. It was but the other day that he was standing with us, strong and well, as we supposed. As we looked upon him he seemed the picture of robust health. He was in his usual vigor, and in the midst of his greatest usefulness.

He came to our State too late to be classed with the pioneers; but he came early enough to catch their spirit and to enter into their labors. He had their faithfulness. While others came and went he remained steadfast, accumulating influence with his passing years, and becoming more and more a standby on whom reliance could be placed to help on the best interests of the churches. He was doing as important a work as ever, and we find it hard to realize that his useful career has so suddenly closed.

I pass with the mere mention of his early training in the old New Jersey home, his graduation at Princeton, both in the college and in the seminary, his coming to California in the eighties, his f l long and successful pastorate of what was then the Fourth Congregational Church of San Francisco, and that in Sonoma.

What we all recognize as his most important work has been that of District Secretary for the Pacific Coast of the Congregational Church Building Society. For about twenty-four years he has been fulfilling this greatly needed and most helpful ministry to the churches. All up and down our coast, from Idaho to Arizona, here and there and in all parts, are churches which have found in him a wise councilor and a friend indeed in time of need. Some of these churches would not have come into existence, some of them would have passed out of existence, many of them would not be in the working condition they are in, or doing the good work they are doing, but for the timely aid they received through his agency. In the very heart of these churches he has built for himself an enduring monument. His name will have a cherished place in their annals.

In this long service he became skilled in presenting the cause that he carried in his heart. In the few times that I have heard him I have been impressed with the aptness and ability of the presentation, and also with the fact that he was growing and developing in the important work that he was doing.

He looked beyond his own line of endeavor, and felt that while he was helping the churches into more prosperous conditions, he was really aiding all our great missionary causes which were dependent upon the churches for their support. He looked upon all our benevolences as thus interrelated, and he had the interest of them all at heart.

So successfully did he fulfill this high duty here on this coast, that several times he was engaged to do campaign work among the churches in the east for the advancement of this good cause.

It was his joy also, as he has expressed himself to me, to have the opportunity now and then to preach the Gospel in the churches he visited when no financial appeal was to be made. He loved to preach the Word.

As another illustration of his spirit of Christian helpfulness, I may mention that more than once he has placed in my hand a five or ten-dollars to give special cheer to some aged and infirm minister or widow who were pensioners of our Ministers' Relief Society. Other of our good benevolences, I doubt not, have felt his generous touch in like manner.

Still another instance of his wider usefulness was his keen and alert interest in our religious paper, "The Pacific." He valued it. He recognized its importance. He concerned himself for its welfare. He studied and planned for its continued publication and its wider influence. He procured for it new subscribers. He wrote for it frequently. At the time of his death he was the president of the newly organized board of trustees. The Pacific will not be the least to miss his helpfulness.

In our ministerial fellowship also our Brother Wikoff held a prominent place. In the Monday ministers' meeting his was ever a loved presence. He shared heartily in its deliberations, and there was in him a fine spirit of brotherhood. There, as well as in association and conference, his loss will be felt.

He craved also a wider fellowship. He wanted the spirit of unity cultivated. He wanted a more real union of the denominations. Only a week or two before his death, with this in thought, he introduced a resolution in our Monday meeting that we invite the other denominations to join with us in a union meeting on the first Monday of the New Year, and that we all lunch together at its close. He wanted the New Year to begin in a closer getting-together in fellowship and work. That meeting has happily been arranged. But our beloved brother who moved the resolution will not be there. He has gone to that higher fellowship where all are one name, and denominational lines are forever obliterated. We shall still think of him as one with us in spirit; as still our brother beloved, and our friend who has but just gone on before. We shall continue to hold him in thought as our true yokefellow, through the years of toil, and privilege and responsibility that have been ours and priviege and responsibility that have been ours in the service of the Master, and who has now entered into his well-earned and richly deserved reward. We may think of him also, may we not, as there on the plains of the heavenly life to give us joyful welcome when our work here is done?

The work of creation was not a finished work.

True love dies hard, if it ever truly dies.

LOS ANGELES NOTES.

By James D. Eaton.

The Congregational Ministerial Union of this city and vicinity seems to be more alive than ever, since the brethren have been allowed—after so prolonged an interval of "verboten"—to come together again on Mondays; the attendance ranging from thirty-three to forty-five. One morning we had a symposium on "What Does Christ Mean to Me?" introduced by Wm. M. Brooks, Frank E. Knopf, Alfred C. Hogbin and Edward P. Ryland, and participated in by seven other brethren. Some few, indeed, presented rather their ideas of what he is, or ought to be, to all; but others opened their hearts to us, and let us see what the Master and Lord, the Friend and Helper really was to the brother who was talking to us. It was a precious hour of intimate fellowship and uplifting communion.

The following week we were favored with an address by Dr. O. P. Gifford of Boston, who is supplying the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, until Dr. Francis shall return from over seas. He took for his topic "Winning Souls." By means of fresh and illuminating illustrations he made clear the differences between knowledge and wisdom, and showed that it is the latter which wins people. He reminded us that the rescuing and training of one little life, which at the time appeared to be of small value, has in the end proved to be the means of salvation to a nation. And so he made us realize afresh the vital importance of what he declared to be "the minister's business"; and the last ten minutes of the session were spent in earnest prayer together, for divine guidance and the gift of greater winsomeness on our part to lead men into the kingdom of truth and love.

Last week it was Dr. George F. Kenngott who told us of "Two Summer Vacations Among the Indians." It occasioned surprise to learn of the great variety in character and capacity exhibited by these descendants of the original occupants of this division of North America. Mention was made by name of the numerous tribes scattered over the land from Maine to California, and from Alaska to Arizona, in all some 300,000. There were recounted many incidents—humorous, pathetic and even tragic—pertaining to the life of the red men, who so generally have been treated with injustice and cruelty by the frontiersmen who coveted their possessions, and had enough influence at Washington to dispossess them of their means of gaining a livelihood. But the dark picture was relieved in a measure by recalling the self-sacrificing efforts in their behalf by Christian men; from John Elliot and his successors in the east, to Riggs and Wheeler in the interior, and Whitman, Spaulding and Burgess on this coast. Among our soldiers who were mobilized for the war in Europe were about 9,000 Indians, one-half of whom volunteered for this service of humanity.

Rev. Enoch F. Bell, Associate Foreign Secretary of the American Board, arrived in this city last week for the purpose of holding conferences with former missionaries to Mexico in preparation for a visit to that country, particularly the new field on the west coast, which has recently been turned over by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the Congregationalists, in exchange for the State of Chihuahua. Among the towns of importance to be surveyed are the port cities of Guaymas, Culiacan and Mazatlan. The last named offers a fine opening for a day and boarding school, to which numerous small towns in the neighborhood would be tributary. Mazatlan is already occupied by a young missionary couple; the wife, Mrs. Barber, being a daughter of Dr. John Howland, who is president of the Union Theological Seminary in Mexico City.

Mr. Bell addressed the women of the First Church (and some fortunate men) at their all-day missionary meeting on Thursday, speaking of his extended visitation last year to our fields in the philippines—the island of Mindanao, which has an equal area to that of the State of Maine, and a population of about one million, divided among Christian Filipinos, the pagans of the hills and the Mohammedan Moros. He refers to that experience as a sort of preparation for the present trip into Mexico. He has also been heard at Plymouth Church and the Church of the Messiah. But he has not come to the coast at this time to make addresses. Perhaps at a later date he may be available for informing our fellowship not only in regard to those people who show great eagerness to get what our enlightened Christianity has to give them, but also concerning our neighbors on the south, for whom we may be considered to have a special responsibility.

It is cheering to be informed that the officers of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific are already considering the question as to how they may secure young women of suitable character and training to establish a school on the new field in Mexico, perhaps at Mazatlan; and how they may obtain the means to give strong support to this enterprise, which is so vital to the preparation of Mexico for enlightened and stable self-government. This is a kind of "intervention" which may be advocated by Christian people with all their hearts; and which we are given to understand would be welcomed by many of the political, social and economic leaders in Mexico, including President Carranza himself. It is expected that in the near future the American Board will send into Mexico a deputation, made up largely of individuals from this coast, to study the actual situation from several points of view, and determine what course of action to recommend as promising to accomplish the greatest good for the people whom we wish to help.

Let us give others not merely what we have but what we **are**.

LONG BEACH.

All records for attendance at the annual meeting of the Long Beach Church were broken on Wednesday, January 8th. Four hundred people filled the social rooms to overflowing, and at 6:30 surged into the spacious dining room whose immediate attraction was an old-fashioned New England dinner.

At the conclusion, the master of ceremonies, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, pastor of the church, called the assemblage to order and for reports from the various organizations. These, without exception, evidenced marked progress in the past year and, quite naturally, jubilant in tone.

The gain in membership since 1914 has been 90 per cent; of individual members in 1918 the net gain has been 188, with total additions of 206, so that the church now ranks as the sixth in size of the Congregational churches on the coast, with 773 members.

All current bills are paid to date and the budget for 1919 is provided for. The building debt is substantially reduced; expenses of $14,500 met in full, with total amount raised, including all benevolences, of $20,000.

Constant growth (save in "Flu" time) in interest and numbers of the church school and various organizations has been an attendant feature of the year. The Brotherhood, which bears the honored name of the Washington Gladden Club, has greatly prospered and has 153 active members whose aim is to be helpful to the entire community.

Best of all there is complete unity, rejoicing in revered leadership, and an eager forward look and hope that 1919 may bring still larger usefulness in promoting The Kingdom.

ACTIVITIES AT PITTSBURG, CALIFORNIA.

The First Congregational Church and Sunday School of this industrial center have taken on a new lease of life. Our new minister, Rev. C. H. C. Jackson, came November 5th. On account of the "flu," the church, as well as other places, was closed until November 24th. The attendance upon both morning and evening services is steadily increasing under the Rev. Jackson's quiet but persistent work here. Our Sunday School is gaining both in numbers and enthusiasm under the efficient leadership of our superintendent, Mr. C. E. Baudy.

Plans have been accepted for a large, handsome new church building, sufficient to meet the needs, not only of the church services and Sunday School, but also for the special needs of the community, as well as those of the working men, of whom there are hundreds here.

Friday eve, December 13th, a reception was given Mr. Jackson and family, which was largely attended by the whole community. Speeches of welcome were made from the different departments of the church, as well as from the representative business men of the city, showing their eagerness to see a substantial church building in Pittsburg, and their willingness to stand with the church in the erection of this building.

The usual refreshments were served by the Ladies Auxiliary, and a very delightful and enthusiastic evening was spent. K.

SEBASTOPOL.

Annual meeting January 8th. Considerable increase in the budget through the Every-Member Canvass was reported both for local purposes and benevolences. Number of pledges for benevolences jumped from a mere handful last year to thirty this year. Twelve members were received last year, ten on confession. Several more are to be received as soon as conditions permit. The pastor's salary was increaed $200.00 per year, besides which he and Mrs. Naylor received a Christmas gift of $101 from the church, for which they are grateful, as well as for numerous other evidences of the goodwill of the church and congregation. Happy is that pastor whose people are as loyal to their church and country as are the good people of Sebastopol!

LOOMIS GOES OVER THE TOP ON THE EVERY MEMBER DRIVE.

Practically every detail of the nation-wide Every Member Drive was adopted and loyally backed by the entire church. The last of September a committee attended a "Set up" meeting at Sacramento. The first of October a strong missionary team visited and held well attended meetings here. Following that, the church voted unanimously to adopt the drive. A steering committee was appointed and in turn five strong teams of two men each with an alternate were chosen. Every detail was worked out with care, the teams of men meeting with the pastor for study each Sunday five weeks previous to the drive.

The trustees drew up a home expense budget for $1735, and a benevolent budget for $265, the two amounting to $2,000, some five or six hundred dollars more than ever attempted before. The subscriptions turned in went between $250 and $300 over the estimated amount. The support was splendid, practically all being done in one afternoon. It will be noticed that the double budget system with duplex envelopes on a weekly subscription basis was adopted. Everybody is happy over the accomplishment.

The Rocklin church, three miles below, did proportionally as well. With a membership of only twelve resident members they thought they were too few for it to be worth while to bother with the organization and "fuss" of the machinery for a drive. These things are only for big churches we hear so often. But Rocklin said we'll

give it a fair trial. With only three men to canvass the town, they went out in the drenching rain of December 8th and easily raised the amount for home expenses, lacking only a few dollars. As to benevolences, the apportionment for 1918 was $25, of which $14 was paid. The Conference asked that the amount be raised to $26 for 1919. The returns so far show $1.09 per week or $56.68 already pledged for 1919. Can you beat it?

The Every Member Canvass works as well, if not better, in small churches as in the larger. It pays to organize.

One of the best features is the church coming into contact with the entire community. Several families who had drifted away were touched and brought back into helpful sympathy and support.

The feature of study classes and discussion groups had to be done away with on account of the epidemic, but in its place something like $25 was spent in printing and mailing out to each person to be approached items of interest and education—this every week for five weeks or so. The result was fine.

WASHINGTON.

Inland Empire Notes.

The board of directors of the Washington State Conference met in Spokane last week. The reports were favorable, especially so considering the many calls on the churches during the year.

Dr. L. O. Baird, Conference superintendent of Home Missions, reported all missionaries paid up to date. Number of missionaries are 43, including Alaska and northern Idaho. Of the amount of benevolences to be used this year about 45 per cent will be appropriated for state work. Plans have been inaugurated for aggressive work during this year.

There was a noon luncheon at the Davenport hotel on Tuesday, with about 40 representative Conference met in Spokane last week. The reports duced Mr. C. C. McEachran, president of the Congregational clug, to preside. and pertinent and gregational club, to preside, and pertinent and optimistic speeches were given by Dr. Nash, of Bellingham, and Dr. Reid of Tacoma, and Dr. Baird.

Despite extraordinary conditions we are looking into the future with hope and courage.

There was a meeting of the Congregational club week before last, and in connection therewith a farewell reception to Dr. C. H. Burdick, who is leaving the city for Everett. The meeting was held at the Corbin Park church with about one hundred sitting at the table. Dr. T. H. Harper gave a stirring speech on "The Coming Year and Its Opportunities." Rev. H. A. Luckenback spoke appreciating words of Dr. Burdick, in his relation to Association; the writer spoke in behalf of the city pastors, and Mrs. Sellers, representing Pilgrim Church, spoke beautiful words of Dr. Burdick and his wife. We all wish the whole family the divine benediction as they enter upon their new work at Everett, and bespeak for them a pleasant and prosperous pastorate.

Pilgrim church held its annual meeting last Friday evening, and I had the privilege to preside. It was a splendid meeting and reports were favorable considering that the flu had interfered with services for about four months, and that the pastor's wife was seriously ill for some time. There were 18 additions to the church during the year, making a membership of 163. It was declared by the treasureer that it was the best year financially for some years. The church decided to canvass the community before calling a pastor.

The Rev. A. R. Olds, a pioneer minister, passed away at Walla Walla, on the 3rd. He was 65 years old. He was an admirable character and consecrated minister of the Gospel . He and his parents came from Indiana to Oregon in 1879, and settled at Portland. They removed to Philomath, where he was pastor of the College United Brethren Church. Later he became connected with the Congregational church as minister and preached at Hood River and in the Willamette Valley. He came to Walla Walla 21 years ago to take charge of the county missionary work, but failing health caused him to give only a portion of his time to the work. For several years he was superintendent of the Stubblefield Home, and in 1914 was appointed superintendent of the poorfarm. He leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter, and was a native of Bradford, Pa.

Spokane, Wash. J. EDWARDS.

MRS. EMMA MERCER.

The beloved wife of the Rev. Henry W. Mercer, member of the Sunset Congregational Church, after an illness of ten weeks from partial paralysis, passed into the higher life on Sunday, the 15th of December, 1918, at her home, 1374 Funston avenue, San Francisco. The funeral was strictly private and the officiating ministers were the Rev. John Brereton and Dr. Fisher of the Presbyterian Church, who gave the address to the family, which consists of E. H. Mercer, M.D., Arthur James, Clement Norton, Septimus, Amy, Leonard and Ethel, with Arthur Henry, her only grandson. Many beautiful floral pieces and wreaths were sent in and the interment was at the Cypress Lawn Cemetery. Mrs. Emma Mercer was the fourth daughter of James Norton Weeks of Ryde, Isle of Wight, and was married to the Rev. Henry W. Mercer in the Presbyterian Church, Ryde, August 11, 1865. Her golden wedding was celebrated in San Francisco August 11, 1915. Coming to the United States with her husband and children in 1883, her first church work was at Bancroft, Michigan, and for nearly 25 years has helped her husband in his pastoral work in Wisconsin, Iowa and Washington. She was a member of the W. C. T. U., a devoted wife and mother.

"Her children rise and call her blessed,
Her husband also and he praiseth her."

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

Headquarters, Room 421, 760 Market Street, San Francisco.

The indisposition of several of the members of the board of directors, not especially serious but calling for prudent attention at this precarious time of public health, prevented the holding of the regular January meeting. The date when it will be held is still uncertain.

The first week in January we bade goodbye to Mrs. Richard S. Emrich of Mardin, who will sail toward Turkey later in the month with the large contingent of enthusiastic returning workers on a United States transport. Mrs. Emrich's entrance into Turkey may be delayed for some time; until the American Board judges that proper living conditions exist there for women and children.

The following letter, recently received from Miss Jeannie L. Jillson recounting something of her work in Palestine, is increasingly interesting as it probably indicates how and where Mrs. Emrich will spend her time before returning to Marden.

Miss Jeannie L. Jillson for some years past has been the principal of our Girls' School in Brousa, Turkey. Last February while on furlough, she accepted an invitation to join a party of four units under the Red Cross and Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee for work in Palestine. This is the first news of her activities since she reached her destination.

The American Red Cross Commission to Palestine.

Jerusalem, November, 3, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Evans:

I am afraid you have wondered much why you have not heard from me, since I wrote from Africa. I was glad to receive the little paper (Our Work) from you telling that you had received that letter and giving me news of many of you. I have seen Life and Light occasionally and so have kept a little in touch with you, learning that Miss Benton was having the visit she wanted in Boston, and that Miss Parsons, very fittingly, was doing what you had asked me to do in your office in San Francisco. I should be very glad to hear again from you all. I am wondering if Miss Parsons won't be getting ready to come here to help us. I gave her name to our colonel when he left us for America, knowing so well what fine work she would do if she could join us. Isn't it wonderful what events are happening in the world, doesn't it seem as though the Christmas would bring us the joy, real joy and peace in a world needing it so sadly? We have felt it all so tremendously here, the news coming day by day from all about us and always such glorious news. And of course the opportunities for our work are growing so rapidly, one can't help but think so much of our school (Brousa) and our teachers and girls. I am looking everywhere for traces of them. We have seen two or three hundred new people the last days, some relatives of our girls. All their news of those Miss Parsons left behind seems good; they all seem to be well. Those also who were in Konia are well, but the others I can not find yet.

It is so splendid that we are in touch with Beirut again; some of our party have already gone there to start work. I am thinking much of Miss Allen, hoping we shall have word soon of how she is. How much she must be needing a change and a rest.

Our work here is such a privilege and such a joy. Just to be in this land with all its sacred memories is wonderful in itself, and to be able to help to do some of His work, to have our doctors and nurses to care for the sick and to be able to minister to the poor and to feed the little ones is a most blessed service for us all. My work has been along industrial lines and mostly with women. There have been so many homes without wage earners and so many children to care for and mouths to feed, that we have had far more applications for work than we could receive. I have tried to find out what the women knew how to do in order to set them to work as soon as possible. The main thing here was sewing; many had machines, so we had over 900 at work making relief garments. As we had some people from Marash and Aintab regions, we started weaving, but we haven't done so much work in that line as we did in Constantinople or Brousa, because the people have not been used to it. We have had a little embroidery and lace work, but again it has been only a few who knew how to embroider, and we have not had time to start departments to teach women, for we felt it was better to keep to practical things. Just how to make permanent industries is the great question, and it is a very difficult one to decide. How long we are to be here and how work could be carried on in the future needs to be carefully considered. You all know how anxious I am to go back to my own work again, but when that will be possible is of course very uncertain. One must go step by step and yet when events take such tremendous strides, one feels somewhat bewildered.

We have been having most wonderful weather. It has been clear skies and summer for us since we reached the West Indies last March. We had only about two days in October with rain or with need for light coats. Today is cool, but I have been sitting in the garden not needing any wraps. We know we must have very heavy rains by and by and cold weather, but the winter can't be very long. We are very comfortably situated here, our headquarters are in what used to be a Russian Hospice. It is a great square with a little chapel in the center, long entrances on four sides with gardens between and rooms all around the outside. My room is on the north side. They are all very good sized and we have been able to furnish

them very satisfactorily. We have found very pretty plants in various places, so we almost all have plants in our windows. I have a begonia that has kept in blossom since June. We have a hospital near by, also a dispensary and children's hospital, and administration building for the offices. Then our work is carried out in large buildings in different parts of the city or in the convents. One on the Mount of Olives and one in a village near by; or in houses in other villages if we couldn't find large buildings suitable. It has kept me very busy going from one place to another, but we have the work well organized now so that in each place there is a good director and I can stay more in the central office and plan things from there. I haven't had time for much sight seeing and am leaving that for days when I am free. I haven't been to Bethlehem yet, but have been to Hebron and to Gaza, and I often go past Ram and Nob and the mountain where Deborah was said to judge, and we went to a village near Rimmon to give work. Some day I hope to go to Nazareth and other places farther north, but for the present I presume my work will be here in Jerusalem.

I mustn't write more now. Please remember me to all the ladies who have been interested in us and in our work.

With best wishes for the Christmas season for you all, I am, Very sincerely,

JEANNIE L. JILLSON.

DO NOT BE DELUDED!

Over the great city,
Where the wind rustles through the parks and gardens,
In the air, the high clouds brooding,
In the lines of street perspective, the lamps, the traffic,
The pavements and the innumerable feet upon them
I Am; make no mistake—do not be deluded.

Think not because I do not appear at the first glance—because the centuries have gone by and there is no assured tidings of me—that therefore I am not there.

Think not because all goes its own way that therefore I do not go my own way through all.

. . . . . .

All come to me at last.
There is no love like mine.
—Edward Carpenter in "Towards Democracy."

The surest way to get the second things is to go after the first things first. Many things do not much matter, when or where or how, but some do tremendously matter, and unless we get these things in place, it is useless to try to get the other things at all.

HELPS BY THE WAY.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life; obey thy heart.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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The past is great, the future is greater, but neither the past nor the future should be allowed to belittle the present. Jean Paul has counseled well: "Be every minute, man, a full life to thee! Make not the present a theme of thy future; for thy future is nothing but a coming present; and the present which thou despisest was once a future which thou desiredest."

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Not of the rocks is love afraid,
These it may climb;
But the small sands that fret it and abrade,
The minutes of inconsequential time.
The little words of undetected ill,
The careless deeds not of your fault or mine,
These tear and wear it out until,
With impotent sad will,
We let the little foxes spoil the vine.
—Salomon de la Selva, the Nicaraguan Poet.

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To find the ideal in the actual, a hidden best in what seems the worst; to search for the good in your brother as for hid treasure; to value every moment of time as an unspeakable gift; to find God in every blade of grass and in every creature; to discern in every material a hidden spiritual, in every temporal an aspect of the eternal—this is the soul's wisdom, its philosopher's stone that turns all it touches into gold.—J. Brierly.

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Jenny Lind once said, "I sing to God." Coming as it did from the heart, it was a fine expression. The famous singer was deeply devout, and these words expressed the secret of her soul. She had a vivid sense of God, a boundless joy of him, and her music was the spontaneous acknowledgment of his presence and beauty. Why should we not do all the work of life in the same spirit? "I sing for God"; "I plow for God"; "I write for God"; "I build for God"; "I weave for God"; "I buy and sell for God." Whatever our work we may serve God day and night in his presence.

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"Build on resolve and not upon regret
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness; waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf and smile—oh, smile to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee."

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If we could choose our own way, how ever should we grow into those divine qualities of strength and steadfastness and ministering helpfulness that are only won out of the battle?. The

kind of life we most often long for, would it brace our souls to fortitude? Should we win from it the bravery of soul, the patience, the trustfulness toward God, the sympathy of men, the obedience and love, that are to be found unto praise and honor and glory when the long new day of service shall begin? O, no! Who of us has wisdom and courage to choose the life that should yield us such fruits of victory as these? Only God can do that for us. And in the words of Jesus Christ, he holds out to us this promise that he will do it—the promise of abundant life. Surely it is a promise out of his tender love. It is the best that he can do for us; and how costly it is to God himself we read in the story of the Man of Sorrows. Do we wish that he should fulfill for us that promise? Will we have a life that grows through victory, even through burden-bearing for others, rather than through comfortable ease? It will lead us in strange ways! It may take us whither we would not choose to go. It may teach us to be brave, when we would rather feel no need of courage. It may make us servants of others, when we would rather men should wait on us. It may hold us helplessly idle for months and years, when we are all eager for life's most strenuous effort. But all along it will be a way of life, because the love of God is leading us. All along it will be a way of peace and hope and divine cheer, because God does not let his servants walk in darkness, Kingman.

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but gives them as they go the light of life.—Henry

The flying arrow knowing its path is made
  Goes singing softly at the bow's behest,
Taking its destined journey unafraid—
  In every moment of its flight at rest.

So speed, O Soul, to your divine abode;
  Go singing through the shadow and the light—
Go bravely on your high-appointed road,
  At rest in every moment of your flight.

—Edwin Markham.

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So much of our hurried modern life and thought are merely on the surface. We do not get down into the depths. And because this is true, we fail to gather the treasures of the "riches in Christ" which might be ours. In his Parcelsus, Browning makes his hero say, in speaking of the Eastern pearl diver: "There are two points in the adventure of a diver—one when, a beggar, he plunges into the depths, and the other, when a prince, he comes up with a priceless pearl in his hand. But they can be found only in the deep places." And this is true of the best things—the splendid truths—of Christian experience. There is no get-rich-quick device for expediting this matter. There are certain phases of experience—of travail—through which each soul must pass ere results are won. There must be a personal experience into the secret place of the Most High, if we would truly abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I am a dauntless spirit of the main,
  For though my argosies go down to sea,
Though wreck and ruin strike the heart of me,
  Yet over all the failure and the pain,
I see my dream ships sail the watery plain
  As fair against the Future's golden skies,
As if some heaven opened my eyes,
  And thrilled Earth's losses with immortal gain.

Aye clear above the waves that ceaseless pour
  Their everlasting triumph in my ears—
Above the shattered hull where sea gulls soar—
  Above defeat, Time's transient pain and tears,
I drink life's boundless hope upon the shore,
  And hear the music of eternal years.

—Washington Van Dusen.

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Life's fairest things are the faultless creation of longing souls who are never satisfied with the realties that exist about them. . . . We must remember that our very dreams are proofs of the possibilities existing. Somewhere God has for us that of which we have dreamed else we should never have dreamed it. It may not be when we come to it just the fulfillment of our fancy, but it will be the complete satisfaction of the longing that gave the fancy birth. It will be better than our thought, brighter than our hope.

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"Still are the ships that in haven ride,
  Waiting for winds or turn of tide;
  Nothing they fret though they do not yet
  Out on the glorious ocean ride.
  Oh, wild hearts that yearn to be free,
  Look and learn from the ships on the sea."

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When we are attuned to life we live in accordance with the law of love and good will; we have faith in our own and other people's ideals; we are joyous and happy, and we know that everything is working together for our good, and not alone for our good, but for the greater good—the good of all.—Charles Brodie Patterson.

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Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
  Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could ever be,
All men ignored in me,
  This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

—Browning.

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We today are living in a world that is not yet fully created, but is in the process of creation. Each soul coming from out the Invisible brings with it something to help in the creation of the world. In the great outer world about us there exists nothing that has not existed first in the mind of man. The outer world is in reality what man has made it, and he will continue in this process of creation until at last all the glory of

the inner world will become expressed in outer form. If we could think and feel that life is an eternal process, . . . that God is working through man in order to make himself manifest upon earth we should thus consciously co-operate with his power and express his work in a perfect way.—From "A New Heaven and a New Earth."

THE HOME.

KINSHIP.

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping down the stair,
Doing my part of everyday care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Voices that murmur and others that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing,
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces teriffic with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I ame aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns,
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the everyday things,
I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing
I am aware of a marvelous thing,
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through eternity's arch,
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet,
As I silently sit here in my chair,
I am aware,

—Angelia Morgan.

A COMMON-SENSE WAY TO DEAL WITH CHILDREN WHO FLY INTO FITS OF PASSION.

"Whale it out of 'em!" I hear some man say.

"You can cure tantrums with loving kindness," says one gentle mother.

"You must be patient and reason with the child," says yet another.

Well, I would be the last to say a word against the use of reason and loving kindness, and reluctantly I admit that there may be times when, owing usually to previous ignorance, neglect, of mismanagement by the parents, the physical shock of actual corporal punishment may serve the purpose. But in the case of genuine "tantrums" none of these things suffices. Reason and loving words fall upon deaf ears, and blows only aggravate the trouble. What then?

Many years ago when I was a kindergartner in a social settlement, I had an experience—one among many—with a child given to tantrums, which may be helpful to some of the mothers and teachers who read these articles. I am especially gratified to find that the treatment which I stumbled upon then almost by accident is recommended by a noted physician, expert in the treatment of children. I came to it after many hopeless days of struggle and when I was about at the end of my resources.

A little girl of four, thin, dirty, nervous but affectionate, bright, and decidedly winning as a rule, was one who sat at my table of ten. Decidedly winning and attractive—except when she fell into a tantrum, as she did infallibly upon the smallest pretext—often without any apparent pretext at all. Crossed in the slightest way, she would instantly slide off her chair on to the floor and there kick and scream and demoralize the whole room.

When she was good she was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid!

* * * * *

At first I tried love and kind words. I might as well have talked to a wildcat. She hardly heard me. Although she was very fond of me, she would kick at me and seemed entirely beside herself. Reasoning was quite useless. I tried putting her in a room by herself. (No, I did not shut her in a dark room or closet. That is a wicked thing to do, and often causes mischief that lasts a lifetime.)—In cases of ordinary misbehavior it is very effective to exclude a child from the company of the others—"We are happy in this place, and when you can behave yourself you may come back to us." Not so with this little girl; it only made the tantrum worse, and she would scream in there alone until she was almost in convulsions.

And as for "whaling"—she had plenty of that, with even less satisfactory results. I went to see her mother, who said when I asked if Eva had tantrums at home;

"Ah, yes. She has those bad things here. I lock her up. I whip her till I can't whip any more. I kill her some day . . . .she is so bad."

I knew, in a way, that her trouble was partly due to her physical condition—ill-nourished, thin, anaemic—and to her bad training at home; but I had in mind, too, the child of some wealthy friends in a suburban home, who was robust and well fed, and pretty well trained—he had tantrums, too.

For several weeks I labored over the problem, but two or three times a week we would have one of these really terrible fits of passion. She improved a little in the kindly atmosphere of the place, but I knew I had not reached the real cause of the trouble.

One day Eva had the worst attack I had ever seen, and I was nearly in despair. What could I do to help her, and especially to mitigate the nervous fatigue she always showed after these fits were over?

I leaned over and picked her up in my arms, fighting, kicking, screaming at the top of her lungs, and started from the room. In the doorway as I passed, one of the wisest of kindergartners I have ever known said:

"Let's try some cold water." It was only a chance idea with her, and I so accepted it.

She helped me carry the child to the wash-room, held her head to keep her from biting me, as she was trying frantically to do, and together, as gently as we could, we bathed the face, neck, and hands of the poor little thing with cold water. woth cold water.

It was like magic. Instantly she stopped, and did not object in the least as we bathed her thus for several minutes. It seemed to soothe the poor little tired nerves and help her to compose herself.

The next time an attack began I was prompt with the same treatment, with the same quick result. It was a remedy. The attacks became less frequent. Sometimes when she came in in the morning looking tired and dirty, I gave her a cracker and a cup of milk, and washed her face and hands, and particularly the back of her neck, with cold water. On those days she would have no tantrum. The attacks became less frequent, and gradually she outgrew them altogether.

I have since then seen many children, in and from homes of all kinds, who were subject to those extraordinary attacks. In every case where I could, I have used or recommended this treatment, and in every case it has been helpful, to say the least.

Generally speaking, tantrums are fits not of temper or "pure cussedness," but of nerves and must be treated as such. True, sometimes they are due solely to badly trained temper and over-indulgence. Such cases are relatively few, however, and of an entirely different nature, and you may well give the child the benefit of the doubt. Dr. Robert N. Tooker, a specialist in the diseases of children, in one of his books treats tantrums under the head of "Signs of Sickness," and attributes them to irritability of the brain, which he says, "may easily be carried to actual inflammation unless great care is taken to arrest the paroxysm. It is useless to argue with these children. To attempt to reason with them only makes matters worse. . . .I have found nothing so certain to afford prompt relief as bathing the head in cold water. Wet a towel in cold water and swathe the head with it. I have rarely had to repeat this prescription, or to continue the treatment more than a few minutes."

Many children do not have tantrums. When my own little boy came I had had so much experience with these things in the kindergarten that I was forearmed and devoted much pains to training him in self-control. Today I came upon Dr. Tooker's book, "All About the Baby," and found the words, quoted above. In another book, not so well known, there were these further recommendations: Regularity in life, plenty of out-of-door play, out-of-door sleeping, rest periods, nutritious diet with due attention to mineral and laxative foods, and relaxing exercises; plenty of music, rhythm work, such as dancing, marching, and gymnastic exercises with music; happy stories and pictures at bed-time.

To give up to a tantrum the first time is to lose the first battle in a struggle that means the life-welfare of a human being. In the case of little Eva we led her back over a long and difficult uphill had a wise mother met the difficulty with the right treatment at the outset.—The Home Maker in New York Post.

THE CHILDREN.

PATTY.

Patty sat upon a chicken-coop in the backyard, watching the little ducks and chickens eat their dinner of yellow meal.

"Chickens and ducks have a better time than little girls," she said to herself. "They do not have to wipe dishes, or go to school, or take care of their baby brothers."

"Patty," called her mother, "come in and rock your little brother."

Patty put her fingers in her ears and sat still.

"I don't hear her," said the naughty girl. "I am lame in my ears."

After a while Patty went in to eat her dinner.

"Why did you not answer me when I called you?" asked her mother.

"My ears were all crippled, and they didn't hear you," answered little Patty.

The next day, while Patty was out in the big swing in the back yard, her cousin Kate came and asked her mother if Patty might go with her to the beach.

"Patty," called her mother. There was no reply. Patty's mother called her again; then she looked out in the back yard and saw Patty sitting in the swing with a finger in each ear.

"No; Patty cannot go with you," said her mother, with a sigh.

Soon Patty came in. "Did you hear me call you a little while ago?" asked her mother.

"My ears are dreadfully lame this morning," said Patty. "I guess they couldn't hear you."

"I am sorry," said her mother, "for Cousin Kate came to take you to the beach. They are going to have ice cream and cake to eat, and after luncheon they are going to play games.

Patty covered her face with her apron and cried bitterly, while her mother told her how wrong it was for her to disobey and not answer when she was called.

"I just got to thinking how much better times the ducks and chickens have than little girls,"

said Patty, "and it made me feel like being naughty. The chickens and ducks do not have to go to school.."

"No," said her mother; "they do not have to go to school; but think how much pleasure you get from reading your books, and from writing letters to your grandmother, and from reading those she writes to you. Would you give up pleasures like those to stay in the chicken-yard all day? Would you rather be a duck or a chicken than a little girl?"

"No, I wouldn't" said Patty, drying her eyes. "I am glad I am not a little duck, and I am going to be a better little girl after this."

"Now," said her mother, "if we hurry, I think we may be in time, after all."

"Oh!" said Patty, "how thankful I am that I am a little girl!"

THE MAGNET'S CHOICE.

Mrs. Goldpin lived with her cousin, Miss Silverpin, in a blue satin cushion that was trimmed with dainty white lace and had a gay little bow at each corner. Mrs. Goldpin and Miss Silverpin were so vain as to think the blue satin cushion was made on purpose for them, so when the Brasspins came to live there, they didn't like it at all.

"Really," complained Mrs. Goldpin, "I should think they'd know better than to come here. Why they're nothing but common brass!"

"It's too bad," said Miss Silverpin, "but then you know, cousin, we need have nothing to do with them."

A few nights after that Mrs. Goldpin met the Brasspins at a party, and the next morning she said to Miss Silverpin:

"I think, my dear, we may as well make friends with the Brasspins. I met them last night at Mrs. Bonton's so they must be nice people after all."

Miss Silverpin agreed with Mrs. Goldpin and that very hour they spoke to the Brasspins, and soon they were all good friends.

One day the mistress came into the room, and put some shining cambric needles and a small darning needle in the cushion. Upon this, Mrs. Goldpin screamed as if she were in pain, and so did Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins.

"Dreadful," said Mrs. Goldpin. "Needles coming to live with us! Why, I've been told they work for a living."

"I shall not speak to them at all," said Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins.

The cambric needles and the darning-needle had not heard them, and they were very much pleased to find themselves in such a pretty place. "This is a kind lady," said one, "to give us such a fine cushion to rest in."

"I'm sure she ought to," said the darning-needle, "those children of hers wear me out with the heels and toes of their stockings; and how that Tommy manages to get such big holes right where his knees come, is more than I can tell."

As soon as they looked around, they saw Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin, and the Brasspins, and being very polite, they said "Good morning."

No one answered. Mrs. Goldpin looked out of the window as if she hadn't heard; Miss Silverpin looked up at the ceiling as if she hadn't heard, and the Brasspins looked down at the floor.

"Strange," said the needles, "they don't mean to speak to us."

They had been so busy all their lives, making clothes for little girls and boys, they had never found out that some people who do not work look down upon others who do. But they did not speak to their fine neighbors again. They had such a good time by themselves.

One afternoon the mistress left a bright new horsheshoe magnet beside the cushion. "What splendid creature is that?" said Mrs. Goldpin. "Why, he's looking right at me."

Isn't he fine," said Miss Silverpin; "but he seems to be looking right at me."

"How grand," said the Brasspins. "Surely he came to see us."

The horseshoe magnet lay there all afternoon and evening, looking very smart and knowing, but not saying a word; although Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin and the Grasspins tried very hard to get him to notice them. By and by lights were put out, and the house was still.

Mrs. Goldpin was just getting into a doze when she heard a strange sound beside her on the dresser.

"What's that, cousin?" she whispered to Miss Silverpin. "Do you hear it?"

"Mercy on us!" said Miss Silverpin; "its that magnet. He's coming right up here."

Before Mrs. Goldpin could answer the magnet stood before them. He made a low bow, and said, "Excuse me for disturbing you, ladies. I am just going on a trip to the northern lights, and am looking about for some one to take with me."

Then Mrs. Goldpin, Miss Silverpin and the Brasspins were in a great flutter.

"He'll take me, of course," whispered Mrs. Goldpin.

"Yes, and me too," said Miss Silverpin.

"Surely, he'll want us," thought the Brasspins.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Goldpin, politely. "Miss Silverpin and I will be very glad to go with you."

"You are very kind indeed!" said the Brasspins; "we can go in a moment."

"But," said the magnet, "you're not the ones I want. I'll see who's on the other side of the cushion," and away he clumped.

They heard the magnet go up to the needles, then came a joyful cry, "Oh, here is our old friend! How glad we are to see you, Magnet!" and the needles, one and all, fairly jumped from the cushion and clung to him.

The magnet was just as glad to see them, and started off at once taking them with him. "Well, I never!" gasped Mrs. Goldpin, as she watched them leave the room.

"To think of those common needles being chosen!"

"That magnet doesn't know what he's about!" snapped the Brasspins.

But he did, though, and when he left the mistress' house that night, he had picked up the jolliest lot of people. There were a shingle nail, a buttonhook, some carpet tacks, a hair-pin, a key, and even a pair of scissors, besides the needles.

I think the northern lights heard they were coming, for they made a great display in the sky that evening.

JAPANESE LEADERS AND THE WORLD'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Though the next convention of the World's Sunday School Association cannot be held in Tokyo, Japan until 1920 much enthusiasm for this gathering is noted among those who are related to the affairs of the Empire as well as those who are closely identified with religious activities. This spirit was manifested at a banquet held recently in the Imperial hotel, Tokyo, at which Mr. Horace E. Coleman, field secretary for Japan of the World's Sunday School Association acted as host. The occassion was the presence of Rev. H. H. Meyer, D.D., a representative of the World's Sunday School Association. Dr. Meyer was visiting various countries abroad. Among those present to welcome him to Japan were Viscount Okuma, Baron Shibusawa, Baron Sakatani and Baron Megata. Other representative leaders, both foreign and Japanese, brought the number to about sixty. When Dr. Meyer was introduced he brought greetings to Japan from the more than 20,000,000 in the Sunday-schools of America. Viscount Okuma expressed his great pleasure that the convention postponed on account of the world war would still be held in Japan. He recognized the fact that Christianity was a great power in America and though now small in Japan, he declared that his country owed no greater debt to America than through the teaching of Christian ideals, and he believed that these ideals would find place in all phases of the life in Japan. As a result a new co-operation between America and Japan and the world follow—a co-operation both in the world of business and of the spirit. Baron Shibusawa is the vice-president of the Promoters' Association and has taken the lead in raising money to finance the work of the local convention committee in Tokyo. He stated that he was greatly impressed with the possibilities of the Sunday-school and especially as he had noted the work when he visited the Sunday-school superintended by Mr. John Wanamaker in Philadelphia. Baron Megata told of his visit to the large Sunday-school in Brooklyn, of which Mr. Frank L. Brown is superintendent, and where he addressed the different departments. Baron Sakatani spoke of the time when in that same room he had helped receive Mr. Henry J. Heinz, of Pittsburgh, Mr. Brown and others who were visiting the Sunday-schools in the Orient while en route to the World's Convention in Zurich in 1913. The Baron said "During these six years great changes have taken place in Japan, and we realize more than ever before that we must give more attention to religion. One recent movement in Japan is toward the complete revision of the educational system. I am a member of the committee that has the revision in charge, and am glad to say that one thing that we have in mind in this reconstruction is the emphasis on religious ideas and imparting them to children. I

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